

H Y M N S
A N D
SPIRITUAL SONGS,

FOR THE USE OF

The L O R D's
NEW CHURCH,

SIGNIFIED BY THE
NEW JERUSALEM
IN THE REVELATION.

By JOSEPH PROUD.

L O N D O N.

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T H E
P R E F A C E ;

O R

An Address to all those who have
received the Doctrines of the New
JERUSALEM.

BELoved BRETHREN,

AS it hath pleased the Lord Jesus Christ,
our only God and Saviour, to form
the New Heavens, and the New Earth (or
Church), so much spoken of in his holy
Word, and also to communicate unto us,
his unworthy Servants, in some good Mea-
sure, the Knowledge of the Doctrines,
Truths, and Glories of this his New King-
dom ; together with the great and unspeak-
able Mercy of being admitted into the Gates
of the holy City, to enjoy the Goods and
Truths, the Blessings and Felicities of this

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his New Church; it surely becomes our Duty, and ought to be our constant Delight, to celebrate his Praise with all the Powers of our Mind, in a *holy, spiritual, and acceptable Manner*, according to his Word. Now it is well known to you, that although there are many Compositions and Collections of Psalms, Hymns, and Songs, written by very respectable Characters, who possessed the Genius and Talents of the Poet; yet none of those Compositions or Collections are adapted to the New Church, nor are they consistent with the genuine Doctrines and Truths of the holy Word; most, or all of them being formed according to the prevailing Doctrines of the Christian Church in it's fallen, corrupted, and perverted State. I shall not take upon me, in this Address, to point out the *Falses, and Errors of Doctrine*, with which those Compositions abound; as I presume they are pretty well known to my Brethren of the New Church, to whom these Lines are addressed. Suffice it to say, that the Idea of *Three Persons in the Trinity*, consequently of *Three Gods*,
runs

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runs through the whole of those Compositions; and with this general and leading false Doctrine, are connected all those other Falses, which have vastated the Church, such as Predestination, imputed Righteousness, Atonement of Wrath, Justification by *Faith alone*, &c. &c. &c. Moreover the Hymns and Songs now in Use, must be very exceptionable to thinking, judicious Minds for another Reason, and that is, that they abound so much with *Petitions* and *Prayers*, and many other Subjects quite improper for public Singing, and inconsistent with Praise and Thanksgiving. From these Considerations, (and more which might be offered,) the Members of the New Church can by no Means use the Publications now extant, in their religious Services. In Consequence of which, and at the Request of my Brethren, I have attempted to compose a small Volume of Psalms and Hymns adapted to the present Dispensation, and consistent with the Doctrines and Truths of the holy Word, according to it's *true, internal, and spiritual Sense*.

A 3

How

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How far I have succeeded in this Attempt, I leave to the impartial Judgment of my Friends: I can only say, that I have been particularly careful to keep close to *pure Truth*, according to my Knowledge thereof; and also, to avoid as much as possible whatever is *petitionary*, or *prayer-wise*, with every Subject that is *improper for Praise, Thanksgiving, and Glorification*. And as I can truly say, I did not take upon me, nor proceed in, this Work, without asking Direction and Assistance from the Lord our God, who alone can give Wisdom to Man; so I do humbly hope, the Work will not only be *acceptable*, but *really useful*, to those Societies and Persons by whom it may be used. The true and living Members of the New Church are really principled in Love to God, and Charity to Man; and under the Influence of this Principle, they will, as our enlightened Author says, “be careful to observe the Ceremonies of external Worship, in frequenting the Church, in partaking of Sacraments, in hearing Sermons, in repeating Prayers, and other
 2 “ Things

“ Things of a like Nature, which they will
 “ do WITH MUCH DILIGENCE AND AT-
 “ TENTION.”* Therefore in singing Praises
 to the Lord, as well as in every other Act
 of public Worship, they will doubtless
 have a single Eye to the Glory of God, and
 the mutual Edification of each other.
 Hence the more consistent with the Doc-
 trines and Truths of the holy Word, those
 Hymns and Psalms are, which they sing;
 the more acceptable to the Lord will their
 Service be, and mutual Edification, Com-
 fort, and Pleasure be the more promoted.

I would likewise indulge the Hope, that
 the following Composition will be found
 entertaining and beneficial to Christians
 in a more private Way; and be calculated
 to relieve and exhilarate the Mind in the
 Hour of Temptation, and the Season of
 Trial, Conflict, and Trouble. And per-
 haps it may be productive of much real
 Good, for Parents and Heads of Families
 to have this little Volume of Hymns in
 their Houses, for the Inspection and Pe-
 rusal

* Arcana Cœlestia, n. 1175.

rusal of their Children and Servants, that thereby their young Minds may be *pleasingly* led into the Knowledge of the essential Doctrines and Truths of the New Church.

As to those religious Characters who are confirmed in the long-received Principles and Doctrines of the Christian Churches, of whatever Denomination they may be, I do not expect that this little Volume will meet with a favorable Reception amongst them. Nevertheless I would request, that they will not hastily condemn; but rather examine for themselves, those Writings which are too frequently announced to the World, BY THOSE WHO HAVE NOT READ THEM, as the Works of a Madman: I mean the Writings of the Hon. EMANUEL SWEDENBORG; who is, (I am free to say,) in my humble Opinion, the *faithful Servant and Scribe of the Lord to Mankind, in these last Days*. By a Perusal of those Works, they will, at least, be led to see the Doctrines and Sentiments confirmed from the holy Word, upon which these Hymns are founded: And perhaps their Understandings

ings may hereby be opened to see the Truth and Importance of those Doctrines, which they now explode and condemn as unscriptural.

It has long been an established Maxim with the Wise, that "*we ought to hear before we judge.*" But I am sorry to find, in the present Instance, this good Rule so little regarded: It being very common with many in our Day, to judge and condemn the Writings of this great Man, although they have never read one Volume of his Works. Such a Conduct must surely reflect upon the Uprightness and good Sense of the Person who is guilty of it.—I wish it were in my Power to prevail upon every serious Mind, to suspend their Judgment till they have read his Writings, and to read them as soon as possible; and that with an earnest Desire to know their own Errors, and to receive the pure Truth of the Lord wherever they find it, or whoever may be the Instrument of it's Conveyance to the Mind. By this Mean they would put themselves in the Way for the Reception

X P R E F A C E.

Reception of those divine Doctrines, and that heavenly Science, which are of infinitely more Value than Worlds of Gold and Silver.

When our Divine Lord came in our Nature for the Redemption of the World, how few received him ! How many despised and rejected him ! And why ? He spake as never Man spake ; he went about doing Good ; he taught the essential Truth ; and his End was to make all his Creatures happy. But he condemned their Evils, exposed their Life, refuted their Traditions and false Doctrines, and called them to Goodness and Truth, Love and Charity, Faith and Obedience. Therefore they cried out, "*He hath a Devil, and is mad ; why hear ye him ?*" And what was the Consequence of their Folly and Unbelief ? Why they deprived themselves of Divine Blessings ; the Favors of the Lord were communicated to others ; and to this Day the Jews labour under the sad Consequences of their Forefathers' Infidelity, and confirm themselves in their spiritual Captivity, by approving
the

P R E F A C E. xi

the Conduct of their Predecessors, and by a continued and obstinate Unbelief.

May the Christian World learn Wisdom by *their* Folly, and thankfully attend to any Message the Lord may vouchsafe to send, let who will be the Messenger! EMANUEL SWEDENBORG is either the Messenger of the Lord to Mankind, as much as John the Baptist was; or he is as great an Impostor as Mahomet. He either speaks the Words of Truth, and heavenly Wisdom; or hath a Devil, and is mad. Whoever reads his Writings with an unprejudiced Mind, and with a sincere Desire to reject Error and receive Truth, will, I am persuaded, be fully convinced, that they are not only *rational, learned, and great*; but that the Author was *taught of God, peculiarly called* to prepare the Way for the Lord's second Advent, and was a divinely-inspired Herald to announce to the World the Coming of Jehovah. From this Conviction it is, that I take the Liberty of warmly recommending the Writings of this holy Scribe, to all my Friends who shall think

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think good to purchase this little Volume of Hymns.

And may the Divine Blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is God over all, accompany this humble Attempt to promote his Praise; that it may be really useful to every Society, every Family, and every Mind by whom it may be used! And at the same Time, may the Lord our God be hereby praised in such a Manner, as shall be acceptable to his holy Name! Amen.

Norwich,

J. P.

June 20, 1790.



H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.



H Y M N I.

*On the second Advent of Jesus Christ, the only
God of Angels and Men.*

- 1 **H**E comes! Jehovah comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew his truth and righteousness,
And spread his power abroad.
- 2 The christian world in darkness lies,
By falshood over-run;
The moon and stars no longer rise,
And clouds have veil'd the sun.
- 3 The sun of love no longer shines,
The moon withdraws her light,
The stars, or heavenly truths, decline,
The church is sunk in night.
- 4 But lo! the mighty God appears,
On clouds behold him ride;
He comes to dry his Zion's tears,
And cheer his mourning bride.

B

5 Now

5 Now sacred love with mildest rays
In Zion's land shall rise;
The heavenly sun divinely blaze,
And brighten all the skies.

6 Now truth shall chase the clouds away,
And falsehood reign no more;
But one unclouded heavenly day
Shall shine from shore to shore.

H Y M N II.

On the same.

1 **T**HE morning dawns, celestial light
Dispels the gloomy shades of night;
Truth rears her standard once again,
And love, celestial love, shall reign.

2 The heavenly sun, the Lord our God,
Beams his refulgent rays abroad:
He comes to bless the humble soul,
And spread his truth from pole to pole.

3 Now nations barb'rous, rude, and blind,
In Jesus shall salvation find:
Idols before his name shall fall,
And Christ our God be Lord of all.

4 Thus every land and clime shall hear
The Lord is God, his name revere;
From sin, and death, and darkness rise,
And join the concert of the skies.



HYMN

H Y M N III.

On Zech. xiv. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **L**ONG have th' infernal band
In bondage held the mind;
Darkness and lies spread o'er the land,
And made the nations blind.
- 2 The christian world has lain
In error, sin, and night;
But heaven's bright sun appears again,
And beams celestial light.
- 3 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.
- 4 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again;
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 5 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall he be known,
THE UNIVERSAL LORD.

H Y M N IV.

*The Lord's poor blessed and fed.**Psalms cxxxii. 15.*

- 1 **I**N thy own church and kingdom, Lord,
Thy poor are daily fed;
The weak and wounded are restor'd,
The hungry blest with bread.

B 2

2 Thou

- 2 Thou hast prepar'd the royal treat,
Thy mercy calls the poor :
Here sorrow's sons may joyful meet,
And share the bounteous store.
- 3 The sweet provision thou wilt bless,
Abundant mercies give :
And all who feel their keen distress,
May eat and drink, and live.
- 4 However great their wants may be,
Here shall they be supplied ;
For all who humbly ask of thee,
Are richly satisfied.
- 5 Thou art the source of heavenly wealth,
From whence divinely flow
Our joy and peace, our life and health,
And every good below.
- 6 In thee the poor salvation find,
For thou hast freely given
Thyself to every faithful mind,
And thou, O Lord, art heaven.

H Y M N V.

The Opening of the holy Word.

- 1 **T**O Jesus be praise for giving us light,
'Tis he who can raise from sorrow's
sad night ;
Through error and darkness the truth
has been seal'd,
But now the rich wonders of love are
reveal'd.

2 The

- 2 The sacred contents of heaven's blest'd word
Are open'd to men by Jesus our Lord ;
The vail is remov'd, we enter and find
The word's deep arcana explain'd to the
mind.
- 3 A prophet was sent to open the way,
The herald proclaim'd the dawning of
day ;
Jehovah descended to mortals again,
And hosts of bright angels appear'd in
his train.
- 4 Now heaven and earth in union shall
prove,
And angels with men conjoined in love :
Deep truths of the gospel shall make
mortals wise,
And join the church here with the
church in the skies.
- 5 An influx divine from Jesus shall
come,
His wisdom and love guide travellers
home :
From Jesu's blest'd body sweet influence
flow,
To cheer and to comfort the saints as
they go.
- 6 While love makes us pure, truth holds
out her hand
To lead and conduct to Canaan's land :

By love and truth guided, we joyfully
 rise,
 And Jesus adoring, press on to the
 skies.

H Y M N VI.

*The Hells subdued. Rev. xi. 17, and latter
 part of 18th verse.*

1 **B**EHOLD the Lord in power arise,
 To crush his church's enemies:
 Infernal spirits Jesus dread,
 And by his arm are captive led.

2 Long did the sons of darkness boast,
 And triumph in their num'rous host,
 Long they infested men below,
 And fought a gen'ral overthrow.

3 Their hellish influence did prevail,
 The church below was seen to fail,
 No more could love and truth remain,
 If Jesus had not come again.

4 But thou, O Lord, with matchless
 might,
 Hast put thy daring foes to flight,
 Down to their hells are devils thrown,
 And thou art conqueror alone.

5 Now shall thy kingdom glorious rise,
 Thy church on earth and in the skies;
 Nor shall the powers of hell destroy
 Jerusalem, thy chiefest joy.

6 Thy

- 6 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand,
Spread far and wide thro' every land,
Till thou, O Lord, by all art known,
Jehovah God, and God alone. +

H Y M N VII.

Jesus the Sun of Heaven.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou sun of love divine,
Thy rays thro' boundless nature
shine,
In thee with bright effulgence meet
Wisdom and love, or light and heat.
- 2 Thro' heaven thy glory is display'd
In one bright day without a shade:
Angels from thee supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.
- 3 With thee they dwell in fervid light,
Nor feel nor fear the shades of night;
Thy heavenly beams will never fail,
But one eternal day prevail.
- 4 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth display'd from shore to
shore;
Till men of every land shall see
Thy glory, Lord, and worship thee.
- 5 'Tis done—the sun of love appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning
cleers;
Now love and truth prevail again,
And one eternal day shall reign.

HYMN

H Y M N VIII.

*The Glorification of the Lord in the Eastern
Quarter. See Univ. Theol. n. 625.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the God of truth and
migh',
Jehovah, Jesus, Lord,
Around him beams celestial light,
And be our God ador'd !
- 2 The Son of man, and God of heav'n,
On clouds he makes his way :
To him are pow'r and glory giv'n,
And boundless is his sway.
- 3 His holy kingdom is begun,
And will divinely grow ;
Nations and lands, from sun to sun,
Their God and Saviour know.
- 4 People of every name confess
Jehovah Jesus Lord,
Serve him in truth and righteousness,
And glory in his word.
- 5 His kingdom must for ever stand,
Our God for ever reign :
His church, supported by his hand,
Eternal shall remain.
- 6 The power of hell their rage may try,
The happy church assail ;
But all her foes must sink and die,
For Jesus will prevail.
- 7 O happy kingdom ! blessed state,
Where Jesus reigns alone,

The only God of heaven and earth,
To all his subjects known.

- 8 Jesus Jehovah God of heav'n,
Before thy throne we fall ;
To thee alone be praises giv'n,
For thou art all in all.

H Y M N IX.

On Deut. viii. 2 to 9. Temptations, &c.

- 1 **F**ULL forty years was Israel led
Through deserts waste and wide ;
They hunger'd oft for daily bread,
Their souls were deeply tried.
- 2 So we our wilderness must go,
Our forty years sustain :
Pass through the dreary paths of woe,
And walk the thorny plain.
- 3 What doth this lonely desert mean ?
These forty years imply ?
Temptations, sorrows, trials keen,
And desolation nigh.
- 4 Conflicts internal, sharp, severe,
All hell against us join'd ;
No rays of heav'nly light appear,
To raise the sinking mind.
- 5 The hungry soul can find no bread,
His thirst no spring supplies ;
But every step he seems to tread
His sorrows swell and rise.

6. Now,

- 6 Now, tempted soul, look up on high,
 Trust in thy gracious God ;
 Tho' dark thy state, thou shalt not die,
 For Jesus guides the rod.

H Y M N X.

On the same Subject.

- 1 **C**OME then, my soul, and learn the
 cause
 Of this temptation-night ;
 For Jesus rules by holy laws,
 And all his ways are right.
- 2 Alas ! we're full of pride and sin,
 The heart and life impure :
 From these arise the storms within,
 That tempted souls endure.
- 3 We walk in darkness, have no light,
 Our souls are prov'd and tried ;
 Thus are we humbled in his sight,
 And hate our former pride.
- 4 The dreadful evils of the heart
 Are set before our eyes ;
 And sharp temptation's inward smart
 Has made us truly wise.
- 5 The kind intentions of our God
 With grateful mind we prove ;
 Now deeply humbled, kiss the rod,
 And keep his laws in love.

HYMN

H Y M N XI.

On the same.

- 1 **B**UT while in desolation's night
We walk our dreary way,
The hand of Jesus leads us right,
Till beams the cheerful day.
- 2 Tho' forty years this desert land
In darkness we may prove,
Yet Jesus guides us with his hand,
And guards our souls in love.
- 3 Hunger and thirst we often feel,
But death we need not dread ;
Our shepherd will his truth reveal,
And give us heav'nly bread.
- 4 Tho' long and tedious be the way,
And storms assail the soul,
Our garments never shall decay,
But still be found and whole.
- 5 Those garments are the truths of God,
They nor grow old nor wear ;
By them the tempter is withstood,
They shield us in the war.
- 6 By these our sov'reign will defend
When pow'rs of darkness rise ;
Preserve us till our conflicts end,
And slay our enemies.

HYMN

H Y M N XII.

On the same.

- 1 **T**HE state of conflict now is past,
The long temptations cease,
Darkness and storms no longer last,
The soul is bless'd with peace.
- 2 Jehovah's kind, all pow'rful hand
Doth every cloud remove;
He guides us to a better land,
A land of rest and love.
- 3 Now waters from their fountains flow
In soft and gentle rills,
Refresh our minds where'er we go,
O'er valleys, plains, or hills.
- 4 If walking thro' the humble vale,
Or on the mount we rise;
The living waters cannot fail,
The fountain never dries.
- 5 The wheat and barley, oil and wine,
Upon our board are spread:
Ten thousand blessings now combine,
And kindly we are fed.
- 6 O blessed sabbath ! joyful day !
Of plenty, peace, and rest !
Cheerful we'll tread the desert way,
To be so richly bless'd.
- 7 Jesus will be our Saviour God
When desolations come !
And thro' temptation's gloomy road
Guide us in safety home !

HYMN

H Y M N XIII.

On Isa. xi. 11, 12.

- 1 **B**Y Egypt long enslav'd,
By science led astray,
By Assur too (vain reas'nings) led,
Mankind have lost their way.
- 2 Elam and Pathros too
Perverted shew their fall;
Now nought but faith alone will do,
For that is taught by all.
- 3 O sad and awful night,
The church in darkness lies!
But now shall beam divinest light,
And heavenly glory rise.
- 4 A second time the Lord
Doth as an ensign stand,
Opens the wonders of his word
To ev'ry name and land.
- 5 Now will the Lord restore
What good and truth remain;
Gather the outcasts and the poor,
And bring them home again.

H Y M N XIV.

On the same.

- 1 **I**SRAEL shall own his name,
Judah their God confess,
Nations his boundless love proclaim,
And people own his grace.

- 2 The humble, poor, and meek
Their God and Saviour find;
And all who Jesus truly seek,
Shall prove him good and kind.
- 3 His subjects richly bless'd
Who in his kingdom stand,
For great and glorious is the rest
Of Zion's happy land.
- 4 Thro' six days labor, Lord,
Thou wilt thy children bring,
Then shall they meet their full reward,
And banquet with their king.
- 5 All meet in heav'n above,
That happy blest abode,
Partake the feast of joy and love,
And ever live with God.

H Y M N XV.

On Jer. xxxiii. 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Lord, to thee we
raise
A sacred song of humble praise;
Thy captive Judah thou wilt free,
And give thine Israel liberty.
- 2 'Tis done, our sov'reign Lord and king
Doth health to wounded Israel bring,
Disorders of the soul are heal'd,
And peace and truth again reveal'd.
- 3 The nations all around shall hear,
And Israel's great Redeemer fear:

Jerusalem

Jerusalem divinely prove
Jehovah's boundless truth and love.

- 4 Now shall the voice of joy arise,
And songs of gladness reach the skies,
The name of Jesus loud be sung,
From ev'ry heart, by ev'ry tongue.
- 5 O happy church, exalt the Lord,
In highest strains his love record;
Your sacrifice of praises bring,
And hail the advent of your king.

H Y M N XVI.

On Ezekiel xviii. last 2 Verses.

- 1 "COME (saith the Lord) ye sons of
-men,
"Cast all your sins away;
"My invitations now attend,
"My friendly calls obey.
- 2 "From all your vile transgressions part,
"Whereby your souls offend,
"And make anew your life and heart,
"And I will be your friend.
- 3 "Why will ye die, O sinners say,
"Why will ye thoughtless take
"The road to hell, that dreadful way,
"And God and heav'n forsake?"
- 4 Jehovah calls,—the call we hear,
For all our evils mourn,
Now weep the penitential tear,
And home to God return.

- 5 O Jesus, sov'reign, Saviour kind,
To thee we thankful come;
Thou wilt restore the erring mind,
And lead the banish'd home.
- 6 Thankful thy mercy we embrace,
Our evils all disclaim;
Accept thy boundless love and grace,
And triumph in thy name.

H Y M N XVII.

On Rev. xxi. 25.

- 1 **T**HE holy city see
In all it's glory stand,
It's happy gates now open be
To every distant land.
- 2 Now one eternal day
Shall in the city reign;
Darkness and night are fled away,
Ne'er to return again.
- 3 Ye distant lands attend,
Ye people that are nigh,
Behold Jerusalem descend,
In grandeur from on high.
- 4 The gates wide open view,
The Lord invites you in;
It's honors are for me, for you,
And all who fly from sin.
- 5 Jesus is Lord alone,
In Zion lo! he reigns:
Bow to his sceptre, Jesus own,
And walk the golden plains.

- 6 O' happy, happy state!
Great God we thankful come;
Low at thy footstool humbly wait,
Till thou shalt take us home.
- 7 Jerusalem shall be
Our peaceful, blest abode;
Here will we love and honor thee,
Our Jesus and our God!

H Y M N XVIII.

On John iii. 16.

- 1 YE sons of God, your tongues employ,
And spread the rapt'rous sound ;
Ye angels join the gen'ral joy,
And bear the echo round.
- 2 We sing of Him who reigns above
On heav'n's imperial throne ;
We praise the God of boundless love,
And make his mercy known.
- 3 Salvation to Jehovah's name
With grateful hearts we sing,
And join our voices to proclaim
The love of Israel's king.
- 4 Down from the worlds of radiant light
Behold the Saviour come,
To ransom souls from endless night,
And bring the wand'ers home.
- 5 He calls us to his dear embrace,
From mis'ry and despair :
Bids us receive his wondrous grace,
And seek salvation there.

- 6 We come, Emanuel, at thy call,
 Believe thy glad'ning word;
 Renounce our sins, ourselves, our all,
 And glory in our Lord.
- 7 Immortal praise to God belongs,
 For such unfathom'd love:
 Join all below in rapt'rous songs,
 And shout ye hosts above.

H Y M N XIX.

On the 97th Psalm.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns the mighty Lord,
 And Jesus is his name;
 Now in the church his praise record,
 Ye saints his pow'r proclaim.
- 2 Darkness and clouds his way surround,
 And awful is the God;
 His haughty foes he will confound,
 And rule with iron rod.
- 3 The hills shall melt, the sons of pride
 Their pow'r no longer boast;
 Jesus shall now in triumph ride,
 And spoil th' infernal host.
- 4 On truth and love is built his throne,
 he idol gods must fall;
 Jesus Jehovah rule alone,
 The sov'reign Lord of all.
- 5 Zion rejoice, and Judah sing,
 Your hearts and tongues employ;
 In notes divine exalt your king,
 And boundless be the joy.

6 Jesus

- 6 Jesus shall reign from sun to sun,
 In ev'ry clime and land;
 His holy kingdom is begun,
 And must for ever stand.
- 7 Rejoice ye righteous, and proclaim
 His truth, his pow'r, and love:
 Jesus is God, exalt his name,
 And sing ye hosts above.

H Y M N XX.

On John xiv. 2, 3.

- 1 **P**ILGRIMS to Zion's city bound,
 Now passing through the desert
 ground,
 Look up with joy, nor yield to fear,
 The promis'd Canaan lo! is near.
- 2 Your thorny road with zeal pursue,
 A better kingdom waits for you;
 Urge on with joy your rugged way,
 And press to everlasting day.
- 3 See yonder holy kingdom rise,
 The golden portals meet your eyes;
 Angels look down, and bid you come
 To your delightful, peaceful home.
- 4 No longer wrapp'd in ten-fold night
 The heav'nly state, those worlds of light;
 It's glories now are brought to view,
 Beyond what all our fathers knew.
- 5 The well-taught scribe,* by Jesus giv'n,
 Beheld the glorious things of heav'n,

Remov'd.

* E. Swedenborg.

Remov'd the dark and dismal shade,
And nameless wonders open laid.

- 6 Now every humble mind shall rise
With growing ardor to the skies;
The happy land with transport view,
And know it's boundless glories too.

H Y M N XXI.

On the same.

1. **B**EHOLD our condescending Lord
Invites us by his holy word:
"Where I am gone, ye know the way,
"I dwell in everlasting day."
2. Your mansions and your thrones behold
Shining with pure refulgent gold;
The work of your Jehovah's hand,
Which shall to endless ages stand:
- 3 O blessed state, divinely bright!
Where all is love and pure delight,
All holy, happy, honor'd are,
And all in peace for ever there!
4. Jesus, we come at thy command,
And urge our way to Zion's land!
Thy likeness, Lord, we long to prove,
And rise to spotless forms of love!
5. We long with ardent zeal to rise
And meet thee in those better skies;
To walk the city's golden street,
And humbly worship at thy feet.
6. Cheerful we bid this world adieu,
And haste the dreary desert through;
The

The world, and sin, and self, resign,
And only seek the joys divine.

H Y M N XXII.

On Hypocrisy.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH Lord, and God alone,
To thee all hearts are fully known;
Nothing escapes thy piercing eyes,
Tho' vail'd from man by deep disguise.
- 2 If white and fair without we seem,
As angels in the world's esteem;
Yet should our souls be vile within,
Thou seest every latent sin.
- 3 The painted hypocrite may claim
The christian's honorable name;
But when his sins are brought to light,
He'll stand a monster black as night.
- 4 One latent vice we would not hide,
Hatred, or envy, lust, or pride;
But gladly all our sins remove,
And live a life of truth and love.

H Y M N XXIII.

On Rev. ii. 13.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, the Lord divinely wise
Knows all our works below,
The principle from which they rise,
The spring from whence they flow.
- 2 If good or bad the end may be,
Whate'er we have in view;

Jesus doth all distinctly see,
And will discover too.

3 Should we in false and evil dwell,
Where Satan has his seat;
Or with infernals now in hell,
In secret love to meet:

4 Our evils all he'll bring to light,
Our every sin reveal,
And with the wretched sons of night
Our certain portion seal.

5 But if infernals dwell around,
And we their pow'r oppose;
Firm in the cause of truth are found,
And fight against our foes:

6 Jesus will all our steps defend,
He'll keep our souls secure:
From heav'n a full deliv'rance send,
And make our vict'ry sure.

H Y M N XXIV.

On the same.

1 COME then, my brethren, fear no ill,
Tho' Satan's seat is nigh;
Whom Jesus saves not hell can kill,
The faithful shall not die.

2 Jesus, we own thy sov'reign name,
Our only God we own:
Nor hell can put our souls to shame,
For thou art God alone.

3 Thy pow'r, thy truth, and love we boast,
We glory in thy word;

And

And tho' oppos'd by Satan's host,
We'll not deny our Lord.

4 Thy truth to us is ever dear,
More priz'd than mines of gold:
Bold in thy ways we will appear,
And firm thy doctrines hold.

5 Our faith in thee the God of love,
Unshaken shall remain,
And Satan's arts abortive prove,
His malice all be vain.

6 Tho' persecuted for thy sake,
We cheerful suffer loss;
Thee only for our portion take,
And glory in thy cross.

H Y M N XXV.

Isa. xxvi. 11.

1 **G**REAT God of heav'n, thy mighty
hand
Is now exalted in the land;
Thy pow'r upon the earth made known,
As God of truth, and God alone.

2 But still the wicked will not see,
That thou art God, and worship thee:
Fond of their idols, vainly they
To other gods their worship pay.

3 Thy truth shall soon triumphant prove,
And glorious beam thy matchless love;
Thy mighty pow'r thy foes shall know,
And urge their flight to shades below.

4 Thy

- 4 Thy foes by their own sins and lust,
Must bear their shame, and die accurs'd ;
Because thy love they would abuse,
And all thy saving truth refuse.
- 5 But all who love thy holy ways,
Give thee, as God alone, the praise ;
They shall in lasting peace abound,
And with eternal joys be crown'd.

H Y M N XXVI.

On Luke xiii. 35.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus shed compassion's tear
O'er Israel's fallen race,
" I will (said he) again appear,
" And with superior grace."
- 2 The Jews were faithless, and his word
They treated with disdain :
But faithful is the mighty Lord,
And lo ! he comes again.
- 3 But not the man of sorrow now,
He bears the cross no more :
No more sharp thorns disgrace his brow ;
But heav'n and earth adore.
- 4 The mighty God of all appears,
The only God is He ;
He comes to dry his Zion's tears,
And set the captives free.

H Y M N XXVII.

On the same.

- 1 **N**OW blessing, honor, glory, praise,
By angel hosts are sung ;

The

The saints below their voices raise,
And join the heav'nly throng.

2 Ador'd be he, who comes to bless
The nations with his love;
To shew his truth and righteousness,
And every cloud remove.

3 Blessed be he, who comes to reign
In Zion's happy land;
Jerusalem is built again,
And shall for ever stand.

4 No more this kingdom shall decay,
No more the temple fall;
Here Jesus reigns with endless sway,
The King and Lord of all.

H Y M N XXVIII.

On Daniel ii. 44.

1 **G**REAT God, thy kingdom is begun,
And thou wilt reign from sun to
sun;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Thy kingdom stand, and fall no more.

2 Now all the boasting sons of pride
From Jesu's presence seek to hide,
Usurpers tumble from their throne,
And our Jehovah reigns alone.

3 The dragon mighty to devour,
Who rul'd with a tyrannic pow'r;
The serpent cunning to decoy,
The devil eager to destroy:

D .

4 These

- 4 These all the Lord shall put to flight,
And hell shall tremble at his sight :
Kingdoms of darkness now must fall,
And Jesus be the Lord of all.

H Y M N XXIX.

On the same.

- 1 **N**OW Babylon of haughty pride,
Whose purple robes in blood are
dy'd;
This queen of hell, this scarlet whore,
Shall sink and fall, to rise no more.
- 2 Polluted churches, idol lands,
Each kingdom that in falsehood stands,
Shall now be broke with iron rod,
And fly before the mighty God.
- 3 Egypt, Assyria, Babel, Rome,
Prepare to meet your dreadful doom ;
Now must your pomp and greatness
fall,
For Jesus comes, the Lord of all.
- 4 Hail, blessed King, in triumph ride,
With truth and justice at thy side ;
Now bring the haughty kingdoms
down,
For thou alone shalt wear the crown.
- 5 Come glorious conqueror, rule alone,
Set up thy kingdom, take thy throne ;
Joyful before thy feet we fall,
And hail thee King and Lord of all !

H Y M N XXX.

On Divine Love.

- 1 **H**OW shall we praise thy dear-lov'd
name,
Our Saviour and our God!
Fain would we all thy love proclaim,
And sound thy pow'r abroad.
- 2 But ah, our noblest accents die,
So weak and mean they prove;
In vain our warmest praises try
To speak thy boundless love.
- 3 So vast the subject, angels tongues
Can never speak it's worth;
Not all their soul-enchancing songs
Can ever set it forth.
- 4 Unfathomable are it's deeps,
It's height no angel knows;
Open this fountain ever keeps,
And unto all it flows.
- 5 For love is Deity alone,
'Tis heaven, and all divine;
It beams refulgent from the throne,
And will for ever shine.
- 6 O Jesus, lover of my soul,
Ardent I long to see
Thy love receiv'd from pole to pole,
That all may honor thee.

H Y M N XXXI.

Love to Jesus.

- 1 **C**OME, brethren, let us all inquire
What we of Jesus know;
How much of love's celestial fire
Doth in our bosoms glow.
- 2 Are we from hellish hatred freed,
Our hearts and minds above?
With all our souls do we indeed
Our God and Saviour love?
- 3 The question's great, and must be
known;
Come try your souls again:
We must be rul'd by love alone,
Or all religion's vain.
- 4 What is religion? 'Tis to love
Our God with all the heart;
In charity with all men prove,
And good to them impart.
- 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet,
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing mind, and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.
- 6 Then let us all in love abound;
And charity pursue;
Then shall we soon in heav'n be
crown'd,
And love as angels do.
- 7 For ever there this holy fire
Shall all our passions raise;
And sweetly all our souls conspire,
To sing Jehovah's praise.

HYM

H Y M N XXXII.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, our souls are all on
fire,
They kindle with a warm desire;
We long to worship at thy feet,
And dwell where angels have their seat.
- 2 This world has got no pleasing charms;
It teems with sorrows, sins, and harms:
Fain would we from this earth remove,
And dwell in better worlds above.
- 3 But O! how unprepar'd we be
That holy place of bliss to see:
Slowly we move along the road,
Oppress'd by sin, that heavy load.
- 4 But all our sins thou wilt subdue,
We shall be wise and holy too;
And when from all pollution free,
We shall appear in heav'n with thee.

H Y M N XXXIII.

On the same.

- 1 **T**HY name, O Lord, be ever prais'd,
Thou hast our warm affection rais'd
To holy, heav'nly things above:
Thy people and thy name we love.
- 2 When meditating on thy word,
The truth and kingdom of our Lord,
On eagle's wings we long to rise,
And join the angels in the skies.

D 2

3. Soon,

3 Soon, soon the happy day will come,
 Jesus will kindly call us home ;
 Then from each trouble we shall rest,
 With heav'nly peace our souls be blest'd.

4 Jesus, on thee we can depend ;
 We'll press thro' life till life shall end ;
 Only do thou our comfort be,
 Till rais'd in heaven to dwell with
 thee.

H Y M N XXXIV.

On Hope.

1 **W**E travel through a barren land,
 With dangers thick on ev'ry
 hand ;
 But Jesus guides us through the vale,
 The christian's hope can never fail.

2 Huge sorrows meet us as we go,
 And devils aim our overthrow ;
 But vile infernals can't prevail,
 The christian's hope shall never fail.

3 Sometimes we're tempted to despair,
 But Jesus makes us then his care ;
 Tho' devils may our souls assail,
 The christian's hope shall never fail.

4 We trust upon the sacred word,
 The oath and promise of our Lord ;
 And safely through each tempest sail ;
 The christian's hope can never fail.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXV.

On the same.

- 1 **W**HEN by temptations sharp beset;
And we almost our Lord for-
get;
Then we look up, our joys prevail,
The christian's hope shall never fail.
- 2 When death shall throw his poison'd
dart,
And we to other worlds depart;
Hope leads us thro' the gloomy vale;
The christian's hope shall never fail.
- 3 Then what have we to dread or fear?
Jehovah keeps us safely here:
Rejoice ye saints, ye shall prevail,
The christian's hope shall never fail.
- 4 To hope we'll join both truth and love,
Thus rise to happier worlds above:
We'll fight and conquer, and prevail,
Hope, truth, and love, shall never fail.

H Y M N XXXVI.

Jesus our all in all.

- 1 **J**ESUS, friend, to sinners dear,
To my soul be ever near!
Now I would thy goodness prove,
All the wonders of thy love.
- 2 Thou art God, and thou art mine,
All but thee I will resign;
Thou wilt, Lord, my portion be,
Thou art all in all to me.
- 3 Pleasure,

- 3 Pleasure, folly, I have tried,
Vain delights, all sins beside;
There's no happiness in these,
Only thou my soul canst please.
- 4 What's the world and all it's toys?
Fleeting, empty, flatt'ring joys;
But in thee my heav'n I find,
Thou canst fill my longing mind.

H Y M N XXXVII.

A funeral Hymn on the real Christian.

- 1 SEE slow and solemn move along,
The weeping kindred gazing
throng;
A friend is dead, belov'd and dear,
And nature weeps the tender tear.
- 2 But say ye kindred, tell us why
Ye heave that melancholy sigh?
He is not dead, but lives above,
In worlds of light and endless love.
- 3 He only drops his flesh and blood,
His soul is gone to dwell with God;
With him to be for ever blest'd,
With deathless life, and endless rest.
- 4 Say not he's dead, he lives indeed;
Throw off the sable mourning weed:
Let ev'ry pensive tear be dry,
And sing your friend to worlds on
high.
- 5 He leaves his rags of flesh behind,
From dust they came, to dust resign'd;
In

In body spiritual appears,
And walks, and talks, and sees, and
hears.

- 6 The silent grave we cheerful leave,
And for our friend no longer grieve;
We soon shall end this life of pain,
And joyful meet our friend again.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

On Isa. xl. 1, 2.

- 1 **Y**E mourning souls, with grief oppress'd,
From ev'ry sorrow rise;
Look to the Lord, ye shall be bless'd,
And dry your weeping eyes.
- 2 Have ye your lot where sins abound,
Where men their God forget;
Where vile infernals do surround,
And thorns and snares are set?
- 3 Still heav'nly comfort is your own,
Jehovah will appear;
And love and mercy from his throne,
Shall be your portion here.
- 4 Do strong temptations rise and swell,
And Satan's host assail;
Do all the raging pow'rs of hell
Determine to prevail?
- 5 Take comfort, then, your help is nigh,
Attend the holy word;
Your God shall make their armies fly;
"I'll save you," saith the Lord.

- 6 The time appointed lo ! appears,
 Jesus your conflict knows ;
 He'll save you from your trembling fears,
 And crush your cruel foes.

H Y M N XXXIX.

On the Death of a real Christian.

- 1 **A** H ! see that lifeless clay,
 'Tis dead, and lives no more ;
 But lo ! the man has wing'd his way
 To Zion's happy shore.
- 2 The flesh and blood are left,
 The man is fled and gone ;
 And of his cumbrous load bereft,
 A brighter form puts on.
- 3 His body tho' he gives
 To feed the crawling worm ;
 He now a nobler spirit lives,
 In a substantial form.
- 4 There's nothing lost by death,
 Except the lump of clay ;
 Nor is the soul a puff of breath,
 Like vapour blown away.
- 5 The spirit is the man,
 Of ev'ry pow'r possess'd ;
 A living substance now he stands,
 And is for ever bless'd.
- 6 Then let us all rejoice,
 Our friend and brother lives ;
 With angels now he joins his voice,
 And praise to Jesus gives.

HYMN

H Y M N XL.

Praise for temporal Blessings.

- 1 **W**HAT blessings below we daily
receive !
There's nothing too great for Jesus to
give ;
Ten thousand rich mercies encircle us
round,
And we in this desert with goodness are
crown'd.
- 2 Though common our gifts, no less do
they prove,
The giver is kind, and free in his love ;
The more they are common, the more
may we see,
How kind to poor sinners Jehovah can
be.
- 3 Our health, strength, and ease, our clo-
thing, and food,
Jehovah gives these, and all that is
good ;
The earth teems with plenty our wants
to supply,
And millions of cattle to feed us must
die.
- 4 For us must the rain in showers des-
cend,
The vast orbs of light our footsteps
attend ;
The sun beams around us in glory by day,
The moon and stars nightly direct us our
way.

5 Nor merely our wants has Jesus supplied,
 He gives us enough for pleasures beside;
 All nature stands ready to render us aid,
 And all the creation our servant is made.

6 Come, then, O my soul, his goodness confess,
 To Jesus thy praise with rapture express;
 For mercies he gives thee, send praises above,
 And let not the angels excell thee in love.

H Y M N XLI.

On Mat. iii. 12.

1 **R**EJOICE, ye happy souls rejoice,
 Who in new Salem stand;
 And let your all harmonious voice
 Sound high from land to land,

2 All nations soon shall hear and see,
 How great your favors prove;
 How wondrous rich those blessings be,
 Which flow from Jesu's love.

3 Jerusalem, divinely bless'd,
 In all it's grandeur new,
 Shall be by ev'ry tongue confess'd,
 When they your glory view.

- 4 Delightful church, the Lord's abode;
Here stands Jehovah's throne,
The habitation of our God,
Here Jesus reigns alone.
- 5 Delightfome land of oil and wine,
Here milk and honey flow;
Celestial blessings here combine,
And fruits immortal grow.
- 6 Here will we take our joyful rest,
Nor e'er from Salem roam;
Not strangers we, but Jesu's guests,
And this our happy home.

H Y M N XLII.

Haggai ii. 8, 9.

- 1 **C**OME, thou beloved faithful Lord,
Fulfil thy soul-reviving word;
Desire of all the nations come,
And make thy church thy lasting home!
- 2 May all the earth thy glory see
In thy Divine Humanity!
Thyself as God of all make known,
And in thy church erect thy throne.
- 3 O happy church, celestial bride,
Thy husband will with thee reside;
With peerless glory thou shalt shine,
In robes of honor all divine.
- 4 The gold and silver, truth and love,
And all the wealth of heav'n above,
Are thine, bless'd Lord; thou wilt be-
stow.
This treasure on thy saints below.

E

5 With

- 5 With brightest glory thus array'd,
And rich with holy treasure made,
Jerusalem shall glorious stand,
The pride of ev'ry age and land.

H Y M N XLIII.

On the same.

- 1 **B**UT see her more internal state,
Her grandeur how divinely great ;
No dang'rous errors can beguile,
Nor hateful sin the church defile.
- 2 Silver and gold her inward drefs,
Truth, love, and faith, and righteous-
ness;
Holy without, and pure within ;
In will and understanding clean.
- 3 Her laws and doctrines just and right,
Her priests are forms of love and light ;
Her order from the courts above,
And all her service done in love.
- 4 Her discipline is from the word,
Her king and ruler is the Lord ;
Her sons and daughters all agree,
And live in peace and charity.
- 5 Her journey is the holy way,
Which leads to everlasting day ;
And her eternal sure reward,
A crown of glory with the Lord.
- 6 Such is the church our God hath rais'd,
And be his name for ever prais'd !
Here will we fix our bless'd abode,
Amongst the saints, and with our God.

HYMN.

H Y M N XLIV.

On public Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy sacred feet
 Joyful would we appear;
 Within thy earthly temple meet,
 To see thy glory here.
- 2 We come to worship thee,
 For thou art God alone;
 In humble prayer to bend the knee,
 Before thy holy throne.
- 3 Thy word is our delight,
 Thy truth will make us free;
 'Tis from thyself a heav'nly light,
 It leads our souls to thee.
- 4 Thy goodness we behold,
 While in thy presence, Lord;
 Thy wond'rous truth and love unfold,
 The treasures of thy word.
- 5 In all our meetings here,
 Our souls are bless'd with good;
 Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
 And give thy children food!
- 6 So will we render praise
 To thee, the God of love;
 With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
 Till we shall meet above.

H Y M N XLV.

New Will and Understanding.

- 1 **H**OW vile bynature is the will,
And understanding too,
We love whate'er is vile and ill,
And sinful all we do.
- 2 The nat'ral region of the mind,
In this we love to stay;
By this to all that's vile inclin'd,
We take the downward way.
- 3 But Jesus elevates us higher,
When truth is understood;
To nobler things we then aspire,
And crave for heavenly food.
- 4 From nature we to spirit rise,
By influx from above;
In heart and life all sin despise,
And goodness only love.
- 5 The lower region of the mind
Is to subjection brought;
The will and understanding join'd,
In union as they ought.
- 6 The will and understanding right,
The man is born anew;
He walks in heav'nly heat and light,
And lives as angels do.

H Y M N XLVI.

Man with Devils or Angels while here.

- 1 **W**HILE in this lower world we dwell,
We're either join'd to heaven or hell;
Infernals our companions prove,
Or angels from the courts of love.
- 2 Momentous subject! well to know,
To which of these we're join'd below!
If devils our associates are,
We must their awful mis'ry share.
- 3 But if with angels we are join'd
In heart, in will, in thought and mind;
With them we shall for ever prove
Their heaven of boundless joy and love.
- 4 Dear Lord, we rise to things divine,
Our heart and life shall now be thine;
Then angels will with joy descend,
And all our happy paths attend.
- 5 When from this earthly we remove,
We shall be join'd with those we love;
Angels our bless'd companions be,
And all be happy, Lord, with thee.

H Y M N XLVII.

On Psa. lxxxiv. 10, 11.

- 1 **W**ITHIN thy holy temple, Lord,
My soul would ever stay;
To hear the wonders of thy word,
And learn my heav'nly way.

- 2 One day where thou art pleas'd to dwell,
Would give me more delight,
Than endless years with sons of hell,
And all their works of night.
- 3 Yea, Lord, I'd rather keep the door,
Where thy disciples meet ;
I'd be a servant to thy poor,
And choose to wash their feet ;
- 4 Rather than sit upon a throne,
A golden scepter sway,
With all this lower world my own,
And princes homage pay.
- 5 No earthly pomp my soul can please,
The world no blifs afford ;
Wretched and poor possess'd of these,
Without thy presence, Lord.

H Y M N XLVIII.

On the same.

- 1 **T**HOU art my sun of love divine,
Thy rays are radiant light ;
This sun doth now unclouded shine,
Full beaming to my sight !
- 2 Thou art my shield by night and day,
And dost from hell defend !
Tho' hosts of foes beset my way,
Thou wilt my soul befriend.
- 3 My health and strength alone in thee,
O Lord, is ever found ;

And

And thou my sure defence wilt be,
When foes beset me round.

- 4 Thy grace thou freely wilt bestow,
To ev'ry humble mind;
The upright soul shall ever know
That thou art ever kind.
- 5 No real good canst thou refuse;
But every blessing give,
To those that truth and goodness chuse,
And to thy glory live.
- 6 Nor can thy nameless love with-hold
A kingdom and a throne;
Soon shall we walk the streets of gold,
And heav'n be all our own.

H Y M N XLIX.

On Humility.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, behold your God, how
kind!
How condescending too!
All love and tenderness his mind,
He came and died for you.
- 2 When in the form of man below
Example did he give,
Of humble walk to friend or foe;
He taught us how to live.
- 3 Then let us imitate our Lord,
Be humble, patient, mild;
In all our thoughts, in all our words,
As humble as a child.

4 Be

- 4 Be envy, anger, lust, and pride,
And all of self subdued :
All evil tempers laid aside,
And all the soul renew'd !
- 5 If treated with contempt and scorn,
By men of pride and strife ;
Be their contempt with patience borne,
And humble all our life.
- 6 The humble soul shall surely rise,
The lowly honor prove ;
Tho' all the world the saint despise,
He has a crown above.

H Y M N L.

The Way to be happy.

- 1 **W**OULDST thou, my soul, to
heav'n arise,
And live with angels there ?
Then all of sin and self despise,
And for that world prepare !
- 2 Wouldst thou be happy ? first be pure,
This only is the way ;
Only that man can heav'n insure,
Who doth his God obey.
- 3 Boast not of wisdom, faith alone,
Or say you're justified,
Thro' what the blessed Lord hath done,
Because for you he died.
- 4 He died to conquer all thy foes,
To set the captive free ;
O'er death and hell victorious rose,
And this he did for thee.

5 Now

- 5 Now love his name, in him believe,
Thyself and sin forsake;
Obey his laws, his truth receive,
And his example take.
- 6 Thou must be holy, righteous, pure,
And serve thy God in love :
And faithful to the end endure,
If thou wilt reign above.
- 7 Lord, I confess this is the way,
No other will I own ;
I'll love thy name, thy laws obey,
And trust thee for my throne. —

H Y M N L I.

On the Lord's Supper.

- 1 **O** HAPPY ! happy we,
At such a feast as this ;
Where Jesus gives us all to see
How great his goodness is !
- 2 Here may we joyful join,
A feast celestial prove,
Partake of living bread and wine,
The Saviour's truth and love.
- 3 His blood is drink indeed,
His flesh is sacred food ;
And while on these we freely feed,
We can pronounce them good.
- 4 A pledge of Jesu's love,
To all his children given ;
Foretaste of richer joys above,
The antepast of heaven !

HYMN

H Y M N LII.

*Christians living amongst wicked Men and
fallen Professors.*

- 1 **W**E dwell amongst the sons of
night,
Where Satan holds his throne;
Thick clouds have veil'd the heav'nly
light,
And darkness rules alone.
- 2 Mankind are strangers to the truth,
By evil led astray;
And all from hoary hairs to youth,
Run on the downward way.
- 3 Oaths, curses, blasphemies, and lies,
Are found on ev'ry tongue;
To heav'n the dreadful volleys rise,
From aged and from young.
- 4 Yet here awhile our souls must dwell,
O may we keep them pure!
And in the very mouth of hell,
Make our salvation sure!
- 5 Our God will guide us by his light,
Our ev'ry step defend!
Lead us in all that's good and right,
And be our guardian friend!

H Y M N LIII.

On the same.

- 1 **T**HE christian world, who own the
name
Of our most holy Lord,

Turn

Turn from his ways, and void of shame,
Can trample on his word.

2 Of faith and doctrine they can talk,
And boast how much they know ;
But as the wicked they can walk,
With them they love to go.

3 Now love and charity are fled,
These virtues have they lost ;
A name to live, while they are dead,
Is all the church can boast.

4 If we attempt a better way,
And charity pursue ;
If we in love the truth obey,
We're fools and madmen too.

5 Yet still with courage we march on
The holy happy road ;
Nor fear the threat'ning envious throng,
But urge our way to God.

6 'Tis truth alone can make us free,
From self, and sin, and pride ;
It leads by goodness, Lord, to thee,
And there will we abide.

H Y M N LIV.

*On the New Church in the interior Parts of
Africa.*

1 JERUSALEM from heav'n descends,
And far and wide her light extends ;
Now Afric's sable sons rejoice,
And shout to hear the Saviour's voice.

2 The

- 2 The idol Gods behold they fall,
And truth celestial conquers all ;
Darkness gives place to sacred light,
And heav'n is open'd to their fight.
- 3 The showers revive the thirsty land,
The barren deserts fruitful stand ;
The thorny wastes rich plenty yield,
And golden harvests grace the field.
- 4 The vallies rise, they laugh and sing,
The hills their thankful tribute bring ;
And now the sable barb'rous race,
Exulting, praise the God of grace.
- 5 Ye happy negroes, we conspire,
Join your glad notes, and raise them
higher ;
May Europe's songs with Afric's rise,
And praise united reach the skies !

H Y M N LV.

The foolish Virgins.

- 1 **F**OR heav'n how many will pretend,
Profess the word the Lord hath
penn'd,
The doctrines of the gospel own,
And fondly hope to share a throne.
- 2 The lamp of truth they seem to take,
A splendid fair profession make ;
Much they believe, and much they
know,
Talk much, and make a wondrous
shew.

3 But

- 3 But lo ! the oil of love divine,
With doctrines they forget to join :
Of faith they boast, and faith alone,
But love and goodness are not known.
- 4 The midnight cry these virgins hear,
The heav'nly groom approaches near ;
The foolish virgins now too late
Perceive their folly and their state.
- 5 To wiser virgins lo ! they run,
" Give us your oil, or we're undone."
But here repuls'd, too late they try
To purchase that which none can buy.
- 6 Then lo ! they hasten to the gate,
Knock hard, and for admittance wait ;
" I know you not," the Lord replies,
Fools cannot enter with the wise.
- 7 Then from the gate they weeping turn,
Too late their sin and folly mourn :
With hypocrites for ever dwell,
The worst and vilest state in hell.

H Y M N LVI.

The wise Virgins.

- 1 **W**HAT forms are these that meet
my eyes ?
The holy virgins truly wise.
Truth shines, in all their vessels, bright,
And love's the essence of their light.
- 2 They know the doctrines of the Lord,
Their minds contain his holy word ;
While sacred love's seraphic flame
Stamps both their character and name.

F

3 From

- 3 From love they all the truth profess,
 From love they walk in righteousness;
 Urg'd on by love's divinest fire,
 To meet the Lord their souls aspire.
- 4 But hark! they hear the midnight cry,
 Their God and bridegroom, lo! is nigh;
 They trim their lamps, and go to meet
 Their heav'nly groom with hasty feet.
- 5 He smiles, and opens wide the gate,
 The virgins not a moment wait;
 But enter in, sit joyful down,
 And Jesus gives to each a crown.

H Y M N LVII.

On Zeph. iii. 13.

- 1 IF we would enter in
 New Salem's happy gate,
 We must depart from sin,
 And ev'ry evil hate;
 Nothing unclean
 Must here be found,
 No evil seen,
 'Tis holy ground.
- 2 No hypocrite's disguise,
 Nor subtle falshood here;
 From all deceit and lies
 The conscience must be clear:
 Jesus alone
 Is sov'reign Lord,
 To him is known
 Each thought and word.

- 3 This kingdom is for those,
 Who love his holy name,
 Nor can Jehovah's foes
 The holy city claim;
 'Tis only free
 For men of love,
 Whose hearts are set
 On things above.
- 4 Here such shall joyful feed,
 And drink the living wine;
 From thirst and hunger freed,
 And on the Lord recline;
 He will provide,
 And we shall be
 With good supplied,
 His grace is free.
- 5 No danger is there here,
 No lurking foes are found,
 Nor shall we need to fear,
 We stand on holy ground;
 Safe and secure
 We here may rest,
 And shall endure
 For ever blest'd.

H Y M N LVIII.

Fondness for the earthly Body condemned.

- 1 **W**HAT is this vile lump of clay
 that I wear?
 Why doth it engross my study and
 care?

'Tis made of gross matter, must shortly
decay,
And soon, like a garment, we cast it
away.

2 Some say, tho' it rots, it surely shall rise,
When Gabriel's trump shall sound in
the skies;
To soul be united, and glorious remain
A permanent body when rais'd up
again.

3 But wisdom informs, and that's the best
guide,
That flesh and blood cannot in heaven
reside;
When once it shall leave us no more
can it rise,
To dust it returns, and for ever it dies.

4 Then why of this dust so fond do we
prove?
How strange that mere earth so dearly we
love!
The soul that's immortal we seem not to
mind,
We murder *the man*, but to *dust* we are
kind.

5 But thou, blessed Lord, hast given to see,
The soul is the man, an image of thee!
To make the soul happy our study be
found,
For that's not worth minding which rots
in the ground.

- 6 The body was lent to serve us below;
 We want it no more when hence we
 must go;
 The soul is immortal, and ever shall be
 A devil in hell, or an angel with thee.

H Y M N LIX.

On Temptation, . Exod. xiv. 23 to 31.

- 1 **T**EMPTED soul, and deeply tried,
 Canst thou in thy God confide?
 Why shouldst thou distrust his power?
 Fear not in the dangerous hour.
- 2 Look on Israel, lately free
 From the tyrant's cruelty;
 Now before the swelling main,
 Pharoah at their heels again.
- 3 What must feeble Israel do?
 Dangers all around they view,
 Hosts behind and seas before,
 Canst thou be expos'd to more?
- 4 See Jehovah's mighty hand,
 While the people trembling stand;
 Seas divide and make a road,
 At the voice of Israel's God.
- 5 Pharoah gives his host the word,
 Longs in blood to bathe his sword;
 Now to slay his armies fly,
 Waves return, they sink and die!
- 6 Every foe behold is lost,
 Israel in Jehovah boast;
 Tempted soul in God rely,
 All thy foes shall sink and die.

H Y M N LX.

The Desire.

- 1 **C**OULD I obtain my whole desire,
Great God, it should be this ;
To love thee with as ardent fire,
As angels now in blifs.
- 2 Thy sacred holy laws obey,
With all that zeal and love,
And walk as faithful in thy way,
As angels walk above.
- 3 To be as near in heart to thee,
As close conjunction share,
While in this sinful world I be,
As holy angels are.
- 4 I'd be as spotless, just, and pure,
As loving and as kind ;
As constant in the truth endure,
As any angel's mind.
- 5 All pride and self, the world and sin,
As gladly I'd resign ;
And be as holy, Lord, within,
As any child of thine.
- 6 My wish, when rightly understood,
Will just amount to this ;
To be as holy, happy, good,
As angels are in blifs.

H Y M N LXI.

On the Lord's Day. [Morning.]

- 1 **H**AIL, happy day, the type of rest,
When all the faithful shall be
blest'd,
And cease from toil and pain ;
So we to day the emblem prove,
Cease from all work, but praise and love,
And solid pleasure gain.
- 2 To day our mighty Conqueror rose,
In triumph o'er his num'rous foes,
And death a captive bound ;
So we from every evil rise,
Mount up in thought toward the skies,
And walk on Zion's ground !
- 3 Be gone, ye ev'ry worldly care ;
My soul, to study, praise, and prayer,
To day be wholly giv'n ;
I'll humbly wait at Jesu's feet,
The saints in solemn worship meet,
And learn the way to heav'n.
- 4 Jesus will kindly condescend
To teach my soul, my heart amend,
And fill me with his love !
That ev'ry sabbath I may know,
An antepast of heav'n below,
The rest of saints above !

H Y M N LXII.

On the same. [Evening.]

- 1 **T**HE day of rest is nearly gone,
But what have I for Jesus done,
How have I spent the day ?

Did

Did I in solemn prayer begin?
Have I refrain'd from every sin,
And run my heav'nly way?

- 2 For what is giv'n this day of rest,
That souls should be divinely blest'd,
With milk and honey fed?
That we should cease from earthly care,
Improve in love, in truth and prayer,
And eat of heav'nly bread?
- 3 Then O, my soul, thy God obey,
Keep holy all the sabbath day,
And walk in truth and love;
Then wilt thou rightly keep the rest,
With every solid good be blest'd,
And soon sit down above.

H Y M N LXIII.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 **M**Y soul, on wings of ardor rise,
Contemplate yonder happy skies,
Where all are blest'd with love;
Fain to this kingdom I would soar,
The world, the world can charm no
more,
I rise to realms above.
- 2 Behold Jerusalem the new,
In all it's glory stand to view,
Before my wond'ring eyes!
What beams unutterable shine,
What nameless glories all divine,
In beauteous grandeur rise!

- 3 The splendid palaces behold,
Glitt'ring with precious stones and gold,
Built by the living God ;
Parterres and groves in velvet green,
And golden fruit luxuriant seen,
Around each grand abode.
- 4 Ten thousand harps of gold are strung,
Jehovah's love in anthems sung,
With extacy of heart ;
The soft enchanting echoes roll,
Divinely charming to the soul,
And pleasing joys impart.
- 5 Methinks I hear the rapt'rous lays,
The pious songs of love and praise ;
My soul is all on fire !
I long to reach the happy land,
With them in Jesu's presence stand,
And swell the music higher.

H Y M N LXIV.

On the same.

- 1 **B**UT ah ! what inward joys they prove,
While all the soul is fill'd with
love,
From yonder sun of light ;
The sacred penetrating rays
Inspire with rapture, love, and praise,
And infinite delight.
- 2 Those stately mansions, lovely scenes,
The neat parterres, the ever-greens,
The arched silent groves,

The



The golden fruit from loaded trees,
And all that can the senses please,
Where'er the angels rove :

3 These altogether but express,
In outward life, the happiness
That lives within the mind ;
That peace and pleasure, wisdom, love,
Union and friendship, angels prove,
All holy and refin'd.

4 These outward beauties do but paint
The real state of ev'ry saint,
They correspond to this ;
The happy soul before his eyes
Sees in a glass his inward joys,
His more internal bliss.

5 My blessed God, I long, I faint,
To be in heaven a holy saint,
And all that glory share :
When freed from ev'ry lust and sin,
And all my nature pure and clean,
Then thou wilt raise me there.

H Y M N LXV.

On the same.

1 **N**OW say, ye happy spirits, say,
(Who dwell in everlasting day)
What is your sweet employ ?
Live ye in drowsy indolence,
Indulging ev'ry outward sense ?
Is this your utmost joy ?

2 Or do ye ev'ry moment bend
In prayer and praise, and off'rings send,
Unceasing to the Lord ?

For

For ever in some temple sit,
In waiting near his sacred feet,
To hear and learn his word ?

- 3 No ! angels live as angels should,
In all that's right, and just, and good,
In charity abound ;
In acts of friendship, useful life,
Free from contention, hatred, strife,
And all are active found.
- 4 Ten thousand diff'rent works they find,
To fill with joy the noble mind,
But none a burden prove ;
Whether they bow at Jesu's feet,
In intercourse of friendship meet,
Their ev'ry work is love.
- 5 But stay, my soul, inquire no more,
Contented here thy God adore,
Till he shall bid thee come ;
Then thou wilt all their glory see,
Be happy as the angels be,
In thy eternal home.

H Y M N LXVI.

Jesus our King, Priest, and Prophet.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my God, my only King,
Thy justice, power, and truth I sing ;
Thy sceptre o'er thy servant sway,
For only thee would I obey.
- 2 Subjection's due to thee alone,
And prostrate at thy holy throne,

My

My soul in humble love would fall,
And own thee sov'reign Lord of all.

- 8 Thou art my Priest, thy heav'nly love
Pleads for my soul, my sin removes,
And I have full access to thee,
By thy Divine Humanity.
- 4 Thou art my holy Prophet, Lord,
I'm taught the doctrines of thy word ;
It's glories open to my sight,
And lead my erring footsteps right.
- 5 Thou art my Prophet, Priest, and King,
And wilt my soul to glory bring ;
Thankful before thy feet I fall,
Thou art, O Lord, my all in all.

H Y M N LXVII.

Saints in the Lord's Hand.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints, no longer
mourn,
Let all your grief to gladness turn ;
In Jesu's kingdom now ye stand,
And every saint is in his hand.
- 2 Should storms and tempests dreadful
rise,
And clouds of darkness veil the skies ;
Jehovah will the storm command,
And ev'ry saint is in his hand.
- 3 Should fiends infernal rave and rage,
And hell itself your soul engage ;
Then with a noble courage stand,
Your soul is safe in Jesu's hand.

4 Should

- 4 Should keen affliction, pain, and loss,
Bear hard, and heavy be the cross ;
Fear not, you're in a desert land,
But quite secure in Jesu's hand.
- 5 Whate'er our troubles in the way,
Or storms, or foes, or night, or day ;
We may with dauntless courage stand,
For Jesus holds us in his hand.
- 6 Should death approach with all it's train
Of glooms and horrors, fear and pain ;
Around your bed will angels stand,
And Jesus raise you with his hand.

H Y M N LXVIII.

Ingratitude, Sloth, and Negligence complained of.

- 1 **H**OW negligent are we,
A kingdom to obtain !
And yet how busy sinners be,
A little dirt to gain !
- 2 How many mercies giv'n,
Our God how wond'rous kind !
And yet how few returns to heav'n,
From our ungrateful mind !
- 3 Eternal glories stand
In view before our eyes ;
But we have hardly heart or hand,
To take the noble prize.
- 4 Tied down to flesh and sense,
And lost in earthly love ;
We live in sloth and negligence,
Nor care for things above,

G

5 Rouse,

- 5 Rouse, christian, rouse thy mind,
From indolence arise;
Be grateful as thy God is kind,
And press toward the skies.
- 6 The harvest soon is past,
The night of death is nigh;
And while thy span of time shall last,
Insure the joys on high!

H Y M N LXIX.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 **W**HEN true religion gains a place,
And lives within the mind;
The sensual life subdued by grace,
And all the heart refin'd:
- 2 The desert blooms in lively green,
Where thorns and briers grew;
The barren waste is fruitful seen,
And all the prospect new.
- 3 The storms of rugged winter cease,
The frozen pow'rs revive;
Spring smiles without, within is peace,
All nature seems alive.
- 4 O happy christian! richly bless'd,
What floods of pleasure roll;
By God and man he stands confess'd,
In dignity of soul.
- 5 Substantial, pure his every joy,
His maker is his friend;
The noblest business his employ,
And happiness his end.

- 6 Ye sensual, worldly, proud, and vain,
Your airy good pursue ;
Let me religion's pleasure gain,
I'll leave the world to you.

H Y M N LXX.

On the same.

- 1 **I**S virtue here expos'd to snares,
To wily envious foes ?
Shall the good man be tried with cares,
And oft depress'd with woes ?
- 2 Such on his way no doubt he'll meet,
In this ungodly night ;
But these he treads beneath his feet,
And puts his foes to flight.
- 3 The nobler pleasures of the mind
Are permanent and sure ;
All troubles soon are left behind,
But endless those endure.
- 4 Then let the sensual sinner boast
Of short-liv'd, base delight ;
They're but a moment at the most,
And end in dreadful night.
- 5 My soul, pursue the path of peace,
Religion's joys attend ;
For these for ever will increase,
They never, never end.
- 6 These only can the bliss bestow,
Immortal souls should prove ;
From one short word all pleasures flow,
That blessed word is *love*.

H Y M N LXXI.

The happy State of the Christian.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Lord, thou just and true,
What songs of praise to thee are due!
Our happy state to thee we owe,
And grateful hymns of praise shall flow!
- 2 From Satan's pow'r our souls are free,
We boast in christian liberty;
The paths of vice no more we run,
In thoughtless haste to be undone.
- 3 Our sins and lusts prevail no more,
We hate the deeds we lov'd before;
Taught by thy blessed truth to see,
That worldly mirth is misery.
- 4 No more from sin to sin we turn,
No longer doth the fever burn;
What once we lov'd we now resign,
Religion's joys are joys divine.

H Y M N LXXII.

On the same.

- 1 **A**S we advance in wisdom's ways,
Thy love demands new songs of praise;
Our pleasures, joys, and hopes increase,
And all within is settled peace.
 - 2 Our foes with weaker pow'r assail,
With strength increasing we prevail;
Above our every tempter rise,
And press with zeal toward the skies.
- 3 Look

- 3 Look we at death ? 'tis with delight ;
A gentle sleep, and short the night ;
Angels support the feeble head,
The saint hath nothing here to dread.
- 4 Think we of judgment ? happy day !
Joyful the summons we obey ;
It is to meet the God we love,
And take our glorious crowns above.
- 5 Transporting thought ! celestial state !
For this we live, for this we wait ;
And while we take the happy road,
Our songs of praise ascend to God.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Forfaking all for the Lord. Luke xviii. 28.

- 1 **W**OULD we obey Jehovah's call,
And follow him while here ;
Then cheerful we must give up all,
That all however dear.
- 2 Hard saying to the rich and great,
How sad their spirits prove ;
They think him mad, who his estate
Would give for heav'n above.
- 3 The poor have something too as dear,
From which they cannot part ;
Some darling sin so very near,
'Tis twisted round the heart.
- 4 But say, what is this mighty all,
Of which so fond we seem ?
A bubble, which we pleasure call,
An airy, empty dream.

- 5 Lord, thou canst give a willing mind,
 From all that's earthly free !
 To leave all sin and self behind,
 And follow none but thee !

H Y M N LXXIV.

On the same.

- 1 **T**IS mercy bids us all forsake,
 Whate'er that all implies;
 And mercy's counsel we shall take,
 If we are truly wise.
- 2 Our carnal lusts, the pride of life,
 All base and low desires,
 All hatred, anger, envy, strife,
 Those vile infernal fires.
- 3 Yea, all that would our ruin prove,
 Whate'er the evil be;
 Nor longer madly place our love
 On death and misery.
- 4 Indulgent God, how wond'rous kind!
 How small is thy request !
 We give up all with willing mind,
 To be for ever bless'd !
- 5 But little can we give for heav'n,
 But little can we do ;
 But thou thyself to us hast giv'n,
 And all thy kingdom too !
- 6 Here, Lord, we give thee all the heart,
 The gift is mean and poor ;
 Accept it, Lord, and then impart
 Thyself ;—we ask no more !

HYMN

H Y M N LXXV.

The Complaint.

- 1 **W**HEN will my ev'ry fear
Be banish'd from my mind?
When shall my clouded sky be clear
From tempest, storm, and wind?
- 2 How oft I sit and sigh
Beneath some heavy load!
My hopes, my joys, my comforts die,
And dark is my abode.
- 3 I grieve and I complain,
Oppress'd with doubts and fears;
I look for comfort, but in vain,
Still I am drown'd in tears.
- 4 O where's my faith in him,
Who all my sorrow knows;
Who can with mighty power redeem
My soul from all it's woes!

H Y M N LXXVI.

On the same.

- 1 'TIS surely good for me,
To bear my father's rod!
And sure I shall salvation see,
From my almighty God!
- 2 He will subdue my grief,
When I am purified;
He'll kindly give my soul relief,
When I have lost my pride.
- 3 But

- 3 But O this evil heart,
This haughty soul of mine,
It needs correction keen and smart,
A painful discipline.
- 4 To all my Saviour's will
I cheerfully submit ;
Beneath his hand my soul be still,
And humble at his feet.
- 5 He will thy soul restore,
From sin and sorrow free ;
Then shalt thou bear the cross no more,
But sing the victory.

H Y M N LXXVII.

The Relief, or Answer.

- 1 **B**UT now a cheering beam
Of hope revives my breast ;
The stormy skies more placid seem,
And indicate a rest.
- 2 My many fears subside,
My burdens lighter prove ;
My hatred, envy, lust, and pride,
Are lost in humble love.
- 3 I feel the ardent fire,
The light and heat divine !
I feel the strong intense desire,
Dear Saviour, to be thine.
- 4 Now, now I can submit
To bear the friendly rod ;
In humble resignation sit,
Submissive to my God.

5 My

- 5 My grief shall turn to joy,
 My enemies be slain;
 And I shall all my powers employ,
 To praise my God again.
- 6 Ye mourning souls believe,
 When tempted, tried, distress'd;
 Salvation you shall soon receive,
 And be for ever bless'd.

H. Y M N LXXVIII.

Doubting the Truth and Faithfulness of God.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, thou hast reveal'd thy
 love,
 And taught thy truth to me;
 But O, how faithless do I prove,
 I scarce can credit thee!
- 2 What infidelity of mind,
 How much we doubt thee, Lord!
 That thou art neither true nor kind,
 Nor wilt fulfil thy word.
- 3 Thou know'st our unbelief and fears,
 And to remove them both,
 To all thy promises appears
 Thy own most sacred oath.
- 4 O how can we thy name adore,
 Thou ever-loving Lord!
 Dear Saviour, what could'st thou do
 more,
 To make us trust thy word?
- 5 Enough, great God, no more we crave,
 Thy promises are sure;

And

And those thou wilt for ever save,
Who to the end endure.

- 6 On thy own truth I will rely,
'Tis like thyself, divine :
Thy promises I will apply,
And thankful call them mine.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Trust and Comfort in the Word.

- 1 **N**OW let me all my powers raise,
From unbelief and night !
That truth divine, with mildest rays,
May fill my soul with light !
- 2 Why should I sink beneath my fears,
While Jesus is my Lord ;
And all his saving love appears,
In his most holy word ?
- 3 Am I a sinner ? God is kind
To sinners vile as me.
Have devils captive led my mind ?
My God will set me free.
- 4 Have I by some temptation fell,
And now my fall deplore ?
Jesus will raise my soul from hell,
He will my feet restore.
- 5 Are we beset with hosts of foes,
All thirsting to devour ?
Our God will kindly interpose,
And save with mighty power.
- 6 No state of trial can we prove,
While in this life we be ;

But

But Jesus will, by truth or love,
The faithful christian free.

H Y M N LXXX.

Wisdom acquired from the Scriptures.

- 1 **W**E read the holy word with joy,
And while the mind is there,
How sweet and pleasing the employ,
What wond'rous truths appear!
- 2 Thirst we for wisdom? here it shines
In all it's radiant light,
In ev'ry page, in ev'ry line,
Full beaming to the sight.
- 3 Would we our God and Saviour know?
(That science most divine)
To wisdom's source we'll humble go,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 Wish we ourselves, our souls to learn,
Their nature, state, and end?
To inspiration's pages turn,
There all the man is penn'd.
- 5 Would we the heav'nly kingdom view,
While we for heav'n prepare?
'Tis in the sacred pages too,
The humble read it there.
- 6 Whate'er we want to learn or know
Of useful, pure, and good;
To Jesus and his scriptures go,
It shall be understood.
- 7 Jesus, thou God of all the word,
To thee be honor given!

Thou

Thou givest grace and wisdom, Lord !
And thou wilt guide to heav'n !

H Y M N LXXXI.

*Praise to the Lord for sending his Servant
Emanuel Swedenborg.*

- 1 **A**ND why should we refuse to raise
A sacred song of pious praise,
To thee, thou kind and gracious Lord,
For op'ning now thy holy word ?
- 2 'Tis thy prerogative to chuse
Thy servants, and what means to use ;
That sinners may emerge from night,
And walk again in truth and light.
- 3 Thou hast a servant rais'd, to tell
The wonders both of heav'n and hell ;
His faithful soul thou didst inspire
With light divine, with heav'nly fire.
- 4 When John the Baptist from thee came,
To speak aloud his master's name ;
The list'ning thousands learnt thy ways,
The earth resounded with thy praise.
- 5 So now, O Lord, thy love we own,
And give the praise to thee alone ;
'Tis not the servant we revere,
But 'tis the God who sent him here.
- 6 Come to the Lord, ye erring race,
Now own his new discover'd grace !
And join with us in heart and soul,
To spread his praise from pole to pole !

H Y M N LXXXII.

Against the Calvinian Doctrine.

- 1 **T**HOU God of mercy, loving, kind,
To save the fallen race inclin'd;
Mercy and love are thy delight,
And all thy ways are just and right.
- 2 Can Christ our God a Moloch be,
Pleas'd with his creatures' misery?
Dooming nine-tenths of men that fell,
To burning flames and endless hell?
- 3 A God in wrath and vengeance dress'd,
In rage which cannot be express'd?
Decreeing unborn souls to death,
Long ere they sinn'd, or drew their
breath?
- 4 No, Lord, thy name and nature's love,
To all mankind thy bowels move;
Thy saving grace for all is free,
And none are doom'd to misery.
- 5 Those only who thy love abuse,
And madly all thy grace refuse,
Shall into endless darkness go,
'Tis all the heav'n they wish to know.
- 6 Lord, set the erring christians right,
Teach them thy truth, thy truth is light;
Then will they know, and feel, and
prove,
Thy nature and thy name is love,

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Meditation and Retirement profitable.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the minutes roll,
At home or when abroad;
While holding converse with my soul,
My kingdom and my God!
- 2 Adieu, ye busy streets,
Ye scenes of mirth and noise;
The silent hour, the still retreats,
Have more substantial joys.
- 3 On contemplation's wings
Can rise the active mind;
Explore with joy celestial things,
And leave the world behind.
- 4 What raptures fire the breast,
While God and heav'n are near!
I seem to stand among the bless'd,
And joys divine appear!
- 5 Creation smiles around,
The scene is peace and love;
The groves and lawns with music sound,
From angels songs above.
- 6 My soul is all on fire,
I long for their abode;
I spurn this earth, to heaven aspire,
And pant for none but God!
- 7 O happy solitude,
The silent still retreat!
No earthly passions here obtrude,
The world's beneath my feet.

- 8 In such a state as this
 My soul would joyful rest;
 Till rais'd to yonder land of blifs,
 To be more richly blest'd.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

A pure Conscience desired.

- 1 **H**OW busy mortals prove!
 How fond of earthly joys!
 All eager after what they love,
 Mere empty transient toys!
- 2 Ease, pleasure, honor, wealth,
 Pomp, vanity, and pride;
 All kinds of sin, long life, and health,
 They want no good beside.
- 3 But O thou God of heav'n,
 I will not covet these!
 To me a heart and life be giv'n,
 That shall my Maker please!
- 4 I seek a conscience pure
 From ev'ry sin and stain!
 Holy and righteous to endure,
 While here I may remain.
- 5 The witness, Lord, within,
 While on my heav'nly road,
 That I commit no wilful sin,
 Nor once offend my God.
- 6 Be all my conscience clear,
 Till this short life shall end!
 I fain would live so holy here,
 As never to offend!

H Y M N LXXXV.

On Isa. lxiii. 7.

- 1 **R**ISE, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Prepare a sweet angelic song :
Surprizing mercies must require
An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.
- 2 See what the gracious God of heav'n
Hath now to his own Israel giv'n ;
No heart can feel, no tongue express,
The wonders of his love and grace.
- 3 In every age the Lord was kind,
And to his church reveal'd his mind ;
But we enjoy a wond'rous store
Of mercies never known before.
- 4 The sun of heav'n illumines the soul,
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll ;
The heav'nly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the fount above.
- 5 O happy day ! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be ;
His greatest mercies stand confess'd,
And Zion is divinely bless'd.
- 6 Thy truth and loving-kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record ;
To us are richest favors giv'n,
And praises shall return to heav'n.
- 7 God will accept the humble praise !
The feeble notes that we can raise !
Angels unite their songs above,
And heav'n resound with Jesu's love.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXVI.

*Not ashamed to own the Lord in his second
Advent.*

- 1 **I**S God in glory come again?
In Zion will he dwell?
Set up his kingdom, ever reign,
And crush the pow'rs of hell?
- 2 And shall I be of him ashamed,
Because the world oppose?
No, all his truth shall be proclaim'd;
In spite of envious foes.
- 3 Jesus a second time appears,
We will exalt his name;
Away with cowardice and fears,
And all disgraceful shame.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! Let me be
A martyr for my Lord,
Rather than from his standard flee,
Or once disown his word.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

On the same.

- 1 **H**E comes again in pow'r array'd,
Jerusalem's his seat;
And all his foes shall soon be made
To sink beneath his feet.
- 2 Then rise, ye saints, with courage rise,
Jehovah's advent tell;
Your boasting enemies despise,
Nor fear the threats of hell,

- 3 Be prisons, racks, and bonds, and fire,
In all their horrors join'd;
And earth and hell as one conspire
To persecute the mind.
- 4 No savage cruelty shall move,
We'll boldly meet the whole;
And still declare Jehovah's love,
With an undaunted soul.
- 5 Jesus, we will thy truth proclaim
With our harmonious tongues;
And speak the honors of thy name,
In everlasting songs.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Against Apostacy.

- 1 **B**E warn'd my soul, and shun
The snares thy foes will lay;
Thy heav'nly race with vigor run,
And watch as well as pray.
- 2 Thou hast thy Lord confess'd,
His truth and love are known;
With glorious treasure thou art bless'd,
The kingdom is thy own.
- 3 And shall I e'er despise
Thy wond'rous goodness, Lord?
From holy truth apostatize,
And trample on thy word?
- 4 I've need to watch and pray,
Already some have fell:
From Salem's gate there is a way
That leads to death and hell.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXIX.

On human Liberty, or Freedom of Will.

- 1 **S**AY, is the human mind
In bonds, or is it free?
Do some restraining fetters bind,
Or have we liberty?
- 2 We have the pow'r to sin,
The will is but too plain;
This freedom ever is within,
Too constant is it's reign.
- 3 Doth guilt our sins attend,
And conscious fears distress?
This proves our life we might amend
By works of righteousness.
- 4 Where force compels the mind,
No guilt or sin can rise;
This shews the will may be inclin'd
To what is good and wise.
- 5 We have the freedom giv'n
The path of life to chuse:
A constant gift bestow'd from heav'n,
Would we the freedom use.
- 6 Here lies our guilt and sin,
That we this freedom bind;
And let infernal spirits in,
To govern all the mind.
- 7 Dear Saviour, 'tis from thee
Our liberty is found;
We would improve that liberty,
And never more be bound!

HYMN

H Y M N X C.

Morning Hymn.

1 **T**O thee, my God and friend,
 I raise my morning song;
 Thou dost my life defend,
 Thy arm of pow'r is strong.
 My many foes
 Beset me round;
 But sweet repose
 From thee I found.

2 While on my bed I rest,
 Amidst the shades of night,
 My wakeful mind is blest'd
 With heav'nly love and light.
 Thy holy word
 Is brought to mind;
 And there, O Lord,
 I pleasure find.

3 If sleep pervades my frame,
 I still am safe in sleep;
 For angels in thy name
 My soul and body keep:
 How rich and great
 Thy mercies prove,
 The angels wait
 On man in love!

4 Now blest'd with morning light,
 To thee I give the day;
 And in thy love and light,
 I'll still pursue my way;

Till

Till thou shalt raise
 My soul above,
 Where all is praise,
 And all is love.

- 5 My grateful tribute, Lord,
 To thee I humbly give,
 Nor only praise in word,
 To thee alone I'll live.
 This constant praise
 To thee is due,
 And all my days
 I'll give it too!

H Y M N XCI.

Victory over Satan, Death, and Hell.

- 1 **R**ISE, holy, happy christian, rise,
 Your noble vict'ry sing;
 And send your praises to the skies,
 To your all conq'ring King.
- 2 The devil once a captive led
 Thy soul in all his ways;
 Thy God hath bruis'd the serpent's head,
 And he shall have the praise!
- 3 My soul hath been with fears distress'd,
 When death hath stood to view;
 But Jesus hath my soul releas'd
 From all those terrors too.
- 4 No more the gloomy hour I fear,
 I'll pass the solemn vale;
 Jesus my God is with me there,
 O'er death I shall prevail.

- 5 The awful regions of the dead,
The sinner's last abode,
Can give my happy soul no dread,
For I shall live with God.
- 6 O'er satan, sin, and death, and hell,
I shall triumphant rise ;
Jesus is mine, and I shall dwell
In yonder peaceful skies.

H Y M N XCII.

On Conjugal Love.

- 1 **H**OW charming the subject I sing,
How grand is the rapturous strain !
Ye angels your eloquence bring,
With music enliven the plain :
In all it's enchantments divine,
The subject you joyfully prove ;
And happy the mortals that join
With you to taste conjugal love.
- 2 'Tis holy, seraphic, and pure,
It flows from the fountain of grace ;
The vile, the abandon'd, impure,
With these it can never have place :
'Tis only enjoy'd by the mind,
In whom true religion is found ;
Nor here we the happiness find,
Without a celestial ground.
- 3 Where then is the rapturous pair,
Who conjugal pleasure possess ?
'Tis found with the man and the fair,
Whose only delight is to bless ;
Whose

Whose love is so ardent a flame,
 That nothing can equal it's fire;
 Whose will is in all things the same,
 The same is their ev'ry desire!

- 4 United by Jesus alone,
 In goodness, in truth, and in heart,
 And both are so perfectly one,
 Eternity never can part:
 Their union has love for it's ground,
 The love of the Lord to his bride;
 And hence in affection they're bound
 So close, they can never divide.

H Y M N XCIH.

On the same.

- 1 **B**UT O, how enchanting this tie!
 How strong is the ardor they find!
 How exquisite is all their joy!
 How nameless the bliss of the mind!
 O love, how divine is thy bliss,
 When heart is cemented to heart!
 And what adds more rapture to this,
 They never, no never shall part.
- 2 In union conjugal above
 Shall dwell this affectionate pair;
 And nothing shall lessen their love,
 But all things shall add to it there:
 The passion more ardent shall be,
 More bright and more holy the fire,
 From all imperfection set free,
 Their love shall rise higher and higher.

3 Such

3 Such pleasure the happy shall share,
 Such raptures are waiting above
 For ev'ry conjugal pair,
 United in heavenly love :
 Then, Jesus, the raptures are mine,
 This heavenly union I know ;
 And soon 'twill be much more divine,
 Than all we have tasted below.

4 In prospect of that happy day,
 To heaven we ardent aspire ;
 We press on our soul-cheering way,
 Impell'd by the conquering fire :
 There, there shall we ever be bless'd,
 With all that each other can prove ;
 In each other's bosom we'll rest,
 And live in true conjugal love !

H Y M N XCIV.

On Jer. li. 6, 7. Babylon fallen.

1 COME ye who dwell in Babel's land,
 And read proud Babel's fate !
 The bitter cup is in her hand,
 Her fall is sure and great.

2 Her crimson crimes to heav'n ascend,
 Her recompence is nigh ;
 Her time is come, behold her end,
 For Babylon must die !

3 Ye serious souls, tho' captive led
 By her bewitching pow'r,
 Fly from her walls, lest on your head
 The flood of vengeance pour.

- 4 Her crying sins have reach'd to heav'n,
And sure as Sodom fell;
So shall she fall, nor be forgiv'n,
But make her bed in hell.
- 5 Rejoice, my soul, that thou art brought
From this polluted land;
And by Jehovah's mercy taught
On surer ground to stand.
- 6 So once the Jews, by dæmons led,
Sunk down to endless night;
A few to Jesus timely fled,
And sav'd their souls by flight.

H Y M N XCV.

The Glory of God in the Creation.

- 1 **O** HOW shall we adore that name,
'Who rais'd us from the earth!
Who form'd to life our wond'rous
frame,
And gave all nature birth!
- 2 Where'er we turn our wond'ring eyes,
His power and skill we see;
Wonders on wonders grandly rise,
And speak the deity!
- 3 Though universal nature stands
In all it's pomp array'd!
(The work of his almighty hands)
'Tis but his footstool made.
- 4 Could we the worlds of light survey,
The heav'nly spheres behold;

The realms of everlasting day,
Where stand the thrones of gold :

- 5 O what a scene would fill the mind,
If view'd the boundless whole ;
The vast, the grand assemblage join'd,
Would overwhelm the soul !
- 6 Yet soon we shall our thoughts expand,
From earth to spirit rise ;
In those blest'd worlds of glory stand,
And view those brighter skies.
- 7 Till then let all our powers be rais'd
The maker to adore ;
And when to higher kingdoms rais'd,
We'll love and praise him more.

H Y M N XCVI.

The Cross.

- 1 **T**HE cross of Jesus is my prize,
'Tis more than worlds to me ;
His cross hath made me truly wise,
And set my spirit free.
- 2 Reproaches, persecution, shame,
These must the christian bear ;
But when sustain'd for Jesu's name,
How light the burdens are !
- 3 Must we sustain some earthly loss !
Some keen distresses prove ?
If these are part of Jesu's cross,
We'll bear them all in love.
- 4 Must sharp temptations too beset,
And inward conflicts seize ?

The

The faithful soul will not forget
That these shall end in ease.

- 5 Whate'er he suffers in the road,
Temptation, pain, or loss;
He cheerful bears it all for God,
And glories in the cross!
- 6 Jesus, inspire our souls with zeal,
Whate'er our suff'rings be!
And if thro' seas of blood we sail,
We shall be safe with thee!

H Y M N XCVII:

On Humility. Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

- 1 **O** FOR an humble mind,
A meek and lowly state!
Only to Jesu's will resign'd,
Nor wishing to be great!
- 2 Contented with my lot,
Receiving all in love!
Ne'er wanting what I have not got,
Nor anxious wishes prove!
- 3 From pride for ever free,
That most infernal root;
From love of self, that cursed tree,
And all it's hellish fruit.
- 4 The proud and haughty mind
Jehovah will disown;
Nor shall the boasting sinner find
A kingdom or a throne.

H Y M N XCVIII.

On the same,

- 1 **T**HO' glorious is the Lord,
And infinitely high ;
To humble souls who fear his word,
He will be ever nigh.
- 2 The universe he made,
He rules the boundless whole;
But was for us in flesh array'd,
And sorrow fill'd his soul.
- 3 Thy bright example giv'n,
Dear Lord, I'll make it mine;
Pursue my humble way to heaven,
And self and pride resign.
- 4 Lowly abas'd and meek,
A sinner all defil'd;
Earnest thy mercy will I seek,
But seek it as a child.
- 5 While Pharisees can boast,
And choose the highest seat;
My soul in self-abasement lost,
Shall sink beneath thy feet.
- 6 There I'll submissive lay,
Nor once attempt to move;
Till thou shalt call my soul away,
To wear a crown above!

HYMN

H · Y · M · N XCIX.

*On Isa. lviii. 25. The inward State of the
wicked Man.*

- 1 **Y**E thoughtless race of life profane,
Go to the vast impetuous main;
And learn your state, your life, and
ways,
From those tumultuous rugged seas.
- 2 See how the ruffled waters roll,
They foam and swell, to teach thy soul
How full of pride and angry strife,
Thy inward and thy outward life.
- 3 Behold what storms and tempests rise,
The raging waves insult the skies;
Such is thy soul, there passions rage,
Rise high, and God himself engage.
- 4 Now see the angry waves subside,
But 'tis to rise with tenfold pride;
So when awhile thy passion dies,
It is with tenfold rage to rise.
- 5 Thy soul is wrath and rage within,
Tempest, and fire, and lust, and sin;
A moment they may seem to cease,
But then the mind is far from peace.
- 6 Where devils haunt, and lusts abide,
Passion, and envy, hatred, pride;
There sorrow, guilt, and wrath, and
pain,
And ceaseless torment, must remain.

H Y M N C.

The inward State of the righteous Man

- 1 **B**UT O, how peaceful is the soul
Where angry billows never roll;
Where all is calm, serene, at rest,
As in the smiling infant's breast!
- 2 No storms or tempests here intrude,
Pride, lust, and evil are subdued;
The heart is rul'd by love alone,
And peace sits smiling on her throne.
- 3 Infernals try their utmost power,
And all around the tempests lower;
But truth secures the righteous mind,
Nor storms, nor devils entrance find.
- 4 O happy state! divinely blest'd
The soul that feels this peaceful rest!
If worlds in dread convulsions rise,
He calmly views the angry skies.
- 5 No awful tempests can alarm,
He stands secure from fear or harm;
A wall of fire protects him round,
In Jesu's hands his soul is found.
- 6 O thou divinest mighty Friend,
Before thy throne I humble bend;
This calm and peaceful state I prove,
'This heav'n within, of peace and love.

H Y M N C I.

Deliverance, or Answer to Prayer.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord, his name is great,
He heard my humble prayer,
Pitied

- Pitied my low, my mournful state,
And made my soul his care,
- 2 When hosts of foes beset me round,
And threaten'd to destroy;
In him the wish'd relief I found,
My heart reviv'd with joy.
- 3 Trust him, ye saints, nor fear the foe,
In him you shall be blest'd;
And tho' your troubles heavy grow,
He'll give you peace and rest.
- 4 He knows our ev'ry pain and grief,
And when the end design'd
Is fully wrought, he gives relief,
And comforts all the mind.
- 5 Jesus, I give my soul to thee,
And trust it in thy hand;
Whate'er my griefs or sorrows be,
Thou wilt my help command.
- 6 Trust him, ye saints, nor yield to fear,
On his rich love depend;
He will preserve you while you're here,
And save you to the end.

H Y M N CII.

Religious Worship.

- 1 **H**OW happy when we meet
To hear the holy word;
To bow at Jesu's blessed feet,
Who is our only Lord.

2 Here

- 2 Here saints with rapture join,
To serve the God of heav'n;
And here they taste the living wine,
From Jesus freely given.
- 3 In love and wisdom grow,
In holiness abound;
Cheerful to brighter kingdoms go,
Where richer joys are found.
- 4 Jehovah smites the rock,
The living waters rise;
Refresh the humble thirsty flock,
With true substantial joys.
- 5 The bread of life is giv'n,
The saints with rapture feed;
Ten thousand blessings flow from
heav'n,
And here we're blest'd indeed.

H Y M N CIII.

On Isa. lxiii. 7.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
And with a cheerful voice,
In God, the source of all thy joys,
Thy Saviour God, rejoice.
- 2 His robes were stain'd in blood,
When he subdued his foes;
And 'twas for us the mighty God
To conquer hell arose.

3 By

- 3 By his almighty pow'r,
Against the hells he fought;
And in the great and awful hour,
Our full salvation wrought.
- 4 His wond'rous mercy sing,
Ye servants of the Lord:
To him your thankful praises bring,
His nameless love record.
- 5 He owns us for his sheep,
He breaks the tyrants' rod;
His flock he will in safety keep,
Our Saviour is our God.

H Y M N C I V.

The Lord loveth the Righteous. Psa. cxlvi. 8.

- 1 **T**HE vile, the vain, and thoughtless
race,
Sworn foes to virtue, truth, and grace;
Must not expect Jehovah's love,
Nor dream of heav'n and joys above.
- 2 To these, the holy happy state
Would keenest pain and woe create;
Their life averse to all that's good,
'Twould be a hell if near to God.
- 3 But he who is of righteous heart,
From all transgression doth depart;
Who loves Jehovah's holy ways,
In heart and life makes known his
praise;

4 This

- 4 This man his Saviour's love will share,
And stand the object of his care ;
No foes shall hurt, no power prevail,
Nor shall his consolations fail.
- 5 Secure of mercy from the Lord,
He leans upon his faithful word ;
Looks up with joy to yonder skies,
Longs to possess, nor doubts the prize.
- 6 When call'd by death to leave his clay,
His soul shall rise to heav'nly day ;
And in his Father's kingdom prove
The heights and depths of all his love.

H Y M N CV.

For the Recovery of a Friend from Affliction.

- 1 **H**OW many sorrows wait around,
Like formidable foes !
And fallen nature deeply wound,
With keen and heavy woes !
- 2 Upon our friend the iron rod
Was long and grievous laid ;
But he who is the mighty God,
Hath sent his friendly aid.
- 3 While in the furnace, mercy prov'd
His kind and cordial friend ;
His sore afflictions all remov'd,
And bid his sorrows end.
- 4 The father's hand which doth chastise,
Can sinking nature save ;
And bid the feeble body rise,
When bending o'er the grave.
- 5 To

- 5 To him the grateful tribute give,
Of humble ardent praise ;
To him alone we'll thankful live,
Our residue of days.
- 6 The Lord will own the pious vows
Of this our friend restor'd !
Accept our off'rings in this house,
And be his name ador'd !

H Y M N C V I.

On No. 481, of the Treatise on Heaven and Hell.

- 1 **W**HAT is my real love ?
On what is fix'd my mind ?
Are my affections all above,
To good and truth inclin'd ?
- 2 What influx do I know,
In this poor will of mine ?
Doth it from vile infernals flow,
Or is it all divine ?
- 3 Important question this,
On which alone depends
My future state, of woe or bliss,
When this short life shall end.
- 4 If worldly vain desire,
And carnal motives reign,
I must in that infernal fire
To endless years remain.
- 5 If heav'nly and divine
All my affections be ;
That holy happy state is mine,
Thro' all eternity.

- 6 How easy then to know,
When wisdom guides the mind;
Whether we sink to endless woe,
Or heav'nly glory find.

H Y M N CVII.

On the same.

- 1 **C**OME, brethren, join in praise,
To your all teaching Lord!
To him your songs of honor raise,
And be his name ador'd!
- 2 The influx he hath given,
We feel the truth and love;
All our affections rise to heav'n,
We taste the joys above.
- 3 We know the love divine,
The wisdom from on high;
And sweetly there our hearts incline,
To pure celestial joy.
- 4 Assur'd of heav'nly rest,
No terrors death can give;
With love to God our souls are blest'd,
With him we soon shall live!

H Y M N CVIII.

Self Dedication.

- 1 **W**HAT is there, Lord, that I can
do
To make thy goodness known?
My heart and life to thee are due,
And due to thee alone.

2 All

- 2 All my internal shall be thine,
My will and all it's powers;
This understanding too of mine,
With all my days and hours.
- 3 Whate'er I be, where'er I am,
All my external, Lord,
I dedicate to thy blest name,
Still guided by thy word.
- 4 My inward thoughts, my outward deeds,
My words, and works, and ways;
Whatever from my soul proceeds,
Be sacred to thy praise.

H Y M N C I X.

On Psalm lxviii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **W**HEN God arises in his pow'r,
His enemies must flee;
The righteous in that joyful hour
Shall trust, O Lord, in thee.
- 2 The hells shall feel thy mighty rod,
Thy equal justice meet;
With trembling awe confess the God,
And sink beneath thy feet.
- 3 No more shall Zion's rageful foes
The happy church destroy;
Jehovah his salvation shews,
And boundless is our joy.
- 4 Jerusalem now owns her King
In his all pow'ful word;
And humble sacrifices brings
To her redeeming Lord.

K

5 Protected

- 5 Protected by his mighty hand,
Secure our souls remain;
The happy church shall ever stand,
And endless be her reign.
- 6 Wisdom, and truth, and humble love,
In every member shine;
Nor earth, nor hell, the church can
move,
Her kingdom is divine.

H Y M N CX.

Breathing after the Eternal State.

- 1 **O** HOW I long to drop my clay,
Quit earthly scenes, and soar
away
To yonder holy worlds above,
Where all is pleasure, peace, and love!
- 2 Here evil spirits will surround,
And sins of every kind abound;
Vain and imperfect all below,
And troubles all the way we go.
- 3 One moment joy lifts up the mind,
The next some heavy cross we find;
A sea of bitter sorrows meet,
With scarce a drop of real sweet!
- 4 But shall I share substantial bliss,
In other worlds, when call'd from this?
Why should I doubt the joys divine,
Since truth assures me, heav'n is mine!
- 5 I love the Lord, revere his name,
I feel the sweet, the heav'nly flame;

He

He is my God, and I shall prove
The wond'rous riches of his love.

- 6 But O what tongue can set them forth,
Or tell their number, or their worth?
Impossible! let this suffice,
They're mine, when Jesus bids me rise.

H Y M N CXI.

On the same.

- 1 **C**OME then the friendly hand of
death,
Cheerful I can resign my breath;
What christian but would gladly die,
To share transporting joys on high?
- 2 No keen afflictions enter there,
No bitter grief, no galling care;
Afflictions are exchang'd for health,
And poverty for solid wealth.
- 3 Infernal foes no more are seen,
A life impure, or heart unclean;
No sin can vex the happy soul,
Nor heavy cross his peace controul.
- 4 But all the man divinely free
From sin, and pain, and misery;
For ever happy, ever bless'd,
And safe in everlasting rest.
- 5 O how I long to soar above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love!
Where I shall see my God, and live,
And from his hand my heav'n receive!

6 Come, Jesus, Saviour, quickly come,
And take my weary spirit home?
Why do thy chariots thus delay?
O come, and take my soul away!

H Y M N CXII.

The heavenly Sun.

1 **I**N yon blest'd world above,
Where angel hosts reside,
The sun of truth and love
Is never known to hide;
It's sacred heat
For ever glows,
Divinely sweet
To all it flows.

2 It's all-attracting light
For ever flows the same;
No darkness there, or night,
No clouds obscure the flame.
One endless day
Will constant shine,
And every ray
Is light divine.

3 O could we see this light,
And feel it's heav'nly heat,
Joyful we'd take our flight
To some celestial seat;
With angels sit,
And sing away,
At Jesu's feet,
An endless day.

4 But

- 4 But stay, my soul, forbear,
 The kingdom is thy own;
 But let me first prepare,
 Then covet to be gone:
 Stay yet below,
 Till fully pure,
 Then shall I know
 My heav'n is sure.

H Y M N CXIII.

Heavenly Scenes. [Mansions.]

- 1 **A**ND may an humble christian here
 On heav'nly glories dwell?
 What wondrous beauteous scenes ap-
 pear,
 For once attempt to tell?
- 2 Then rise with joy, my longing muse,
 Now take a rapid flight,
 And humbly for thy subject chuse.
 Those worlds of love and light.
- 3 Behold what splendid mansions stand,
 All gold and precious stone;
 Built by the great Jehovah's hand,
 And form'd by him alone.
- 4 See how the lofty turrets rise,
 In all their golden pride,
 High mounted in the purple skies,
 Where clouds of silver ride.
- 5 The walls of porph'ry bright and clear,
 Founded on jasper stone;
 The stately roofs of gold appear,
 Such as in heav'n is known.

6 But O! within how richly wrought
The grand apartments prove!
These all to full perfection brought,
All overlaid with love!

7 But all description fails to paint
The lowest mansion there,
Which Jesus doth for every saint,
In wond'rous love, prepare.

8 And shall I dwell in mansions, Lord,
Thy blessed hand will raise?
I shall, and be thy name ador'd,
I'm lost in love and praise!

H Y M N CXIV.

On the same. [Rural.]

1 COME, from the stately mansions
rove,
The heav'nly landscape see;
Behold the wide extended grove,
With fruit on every tree.

2 O glorious foliage, lively green,
In shades of various dye;
Above, below, is seen
A paradise of joy.

3 Here walks of wond'rous length extend,
And deep the rural gloom;
The golden fruits in clusters bend,
With flowers of rich perfume.

4 From walk to walk the angels rove,
Or on the banks recline;

In

- In songs of praise and notes of love,
With nameless rapture join.
- 5 Sweet bowers are form'd, and velvet
seats,
By young entwining shoots;
And all the happy blest'd retreats
Abound with pleasant fruits.
- 6 Here beds of flowers celestial spread,
The fragrance cheers the mind;
And arched bowers above the head,
In wondrous beauty join'd.
- 7 O happy scenes of strange delight,
Their glory none can paint!
And these so grand, so rich and bright,
Prepar'd for every saint!
- 8 How long my souls to soar away,
And walk celestial ground!
To spend an everlasting day,
Where all these joys are found!

H Y M N CXV.

On the same. [Music.]

- 1 **B**UT hark! what sounds of harmony
In well tun'd accents rise!
What can this charming music be,
Which gives such inward joys?
- 2 The angels golden harps are strung,
They strike the silver string;
Anthems of love divine are sung,
In praise of God their king.

3 Celestial

- 3 Celestial voices join the choir,
In sweet seraphic lays ;
In warbling concert all conspire,
And heav'n is fill'd with praise.
- 4 From female voices, infants tongues,
Mellifluous accents flow ;
And deeper voices fill the songs
With sounding notes below.
- 5 O harmony and joy supreme,
My soul is all on fire,
To join in some celestial theme,
And swell the music higher !
- 6 Soon shall my soul be tun'd to praise,
My tongue in concert move ;
And join with angel bands to raise
The song of joy and love !

H Y M N CXVI.

Comfort from the Word.

- 1 **W**HERE can such pleasures flow,
As I have found, O Lord,
In thee, while walking here below,
And in thy holy word !
- 2 If deep temptations try
To wound my peaceful breast ;
Then to thy blessed word I fly,
And there my soul is blest'd.
- 3 If sorrow loads my mind,
And I'm oppress'd with care,
I come to thee, and comfort find,
I find salvation there.

4 If

- 4 If darkness doth pervade,
 No light illumines my way;
 Thy word removes the gloomy shade,
 It gives a cheering ray.
- 5 If some unguarded fault
 Has fill'd my soul with grief,
 Then to my mind thy word has brought
 Some kind and sure relief.
- 6 O how I prize thy word!
 'Tis more than worlds of gold;
 I bless thy name, most holy Lord,
 It's glories I behold!
- 7 My soul shall ever prove
 It's salutary aid;
 And be by heav'nly truth and love
 Fit for thy kingdom made!

H Y M N CXVII:

Complaint of living amongst the Wicked.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the humble christian
 find
 The man who will improve
 His pious, heav'n-aspiring mind,
 In goodness, truth, and love?
- 2 He lives where sin and death abound,
 All take the downward road;
 And scarcely one immortal found
 Aspiring after God.
- 3 How sad and awful is the night,
 Where now we're forc'd to dwell!

The

The heirs of heaven, and sons of light,
Amidst the heirs of hell.

- 4 O could I find some lonely grove,
Some gloomy still retreat,
Where I might share my Saviour's love,
And some kind angel meet :
- 5 Free from the men of sin and strife,
In solemn silence blest'd ;
And here enjoy a peaceful life,
'Till call'd to better rest !
- 6 But ah ! the pleasing wish is vain,
More public life is mine ;
No longer I'll my lot complain,
But to my state resign.
- 7 Soon from the wicked I shall rise,
To dwell in worlds above ;
And live in those more holy skies,
With those I dearly love.

H Y M N CXVIII.

*Doubts and Temptations concerning future
Life.*

- 1 **S**OMETIMES I'm tempted to sup-
pose
There is no hell nor heaven ;
To sinners no eternal woes,
To saints no glory given.
- 2 Religion's pleasing aid is fled,
The word an empty tale ;
When once we fall among the dead,
Then life and reason fail.

3 What

- 3 What is beyond the grave who knows?
Conjectures all are vain;
Who ever from the dead arose,
And came to men again ?
- 4 Jesus will help if we implore,
Our unbelief remove ;
Nor let infernals tempt us more,
To doubt his truth and love.
- 5 The soul must live, tho' flesh shall die,
The man shall surely rise ;
The faithful christian mount on high,
And taste eternal joys.
- 6 The Lord confirms my soul below,
In all his truth divine];
And I'll rejoice my journey thro',
That endless life is mine.

H Y M N CXIX.

Sick of the World.

- 1 **H**OW gladly would I die to prove,
What now-I hope to gain !
A state of endless peace and love,
Secure from sin and pain.
- 2 My thoughts, affections, and desires,
To better kingdoms rise ;
To these my longing soul aspires,
I thirst for purer joys.
- 3 There's nothing here can tempt my
stay,
Mere emptiness is all ;
I'd take the wing and fly away,
If Jesus did but call.

4 Now

- 4 Now sick of all the world can give,
With all I'd freely part,
And in that happy kingdom live,
Where now is fix'd my heart!
- 5 'Tis heav'n, O Lord, I want to share,
'Tis heav'n I long to see;
For thou, my blessed God, art there,
And there I fain would be!
- 6 Well, soon will end this gloomy night,
The happy hour is nigh,
When I shall take my joyful flight,
To yonder worlds of joy.
- 7 Transporting thought! be all my heart
Prepar'd to meet my Lord;
Then when I'm bid from earth depart,
I'll triumph in the word.

H Y M N CXX.

Pride condemned.

- 1 **L**ORD, what am I? an angel made?
Or more, some demi-god?
In robes of deity array'd,
With kingdoms at my nod?
- 2 Sure I'm superior to mankind,
And must an angel be!
Or whence this haughtiness of mind?
This cursed pride in me?
- 3 Strange that a sinful worm of dust
With vanity should swell;
With pride ungovernable burst,
Because he's heir of hell!

- 4 No more of self I'll dare to boast,
But all my vileness own;
In humble self-abasement lost,
Before Jehovah's throne!
- 5 The humble soul my God will raise,
His lust of pride remove;
Then sinful dust shall sing his praise,
In grateful songs of love.

H Y M N CXXI.

Self-Love condemned.

- 1 **W**HAT fondness sinners ever
prove,
For that which is their own;
Their little selves they dearly love,
And love themselves alone.
- 2 But what is self? a mass of sin,
Corruption, filth, and dust;
Pollution all without, within,
And nigh to be accurs'd.
- 3 And shall I feel a love for this
Ungodly self of mine,
That all defil'd and filthy is,
As is the fulsome swine?
- 4 No; reason, scripture, sense, conspire
To reprobate the love;
I'll raise my warm affections higher,
And from myself remove.
- 5 Whatever is my own I'll hate,
And Jesus will implore,
That he'll anew my heart create,
And all my soul restore.

L

6 Then

- 6 Then from myself I shall be free,
And feel a purer flame;
And then, O Lord, in loving thee,
Thy love shall fill my frame.

H Y M N CXXII.

The Divine Humanity to be worshipped.

- 1 **D**ARKNESS pervades the mind,
And clouds prevent the light,
That few Jehovah Jesus know,
Or worship him aright.
- 2 But, Lord, we come to thee,
And bow before thy throne;
In thy Divine Humanity,
Thou art our God alone.
- 3 Thy esse none can see,
That is beyond our sight;
But thy Divine Humanity
Is seen in heav'nly light.
- 4 Thou art the only God,
The *only Man* art thou;
And only thee our souls adore,
At thy blest'd feet we bow.
- 5 In essence thou art one,
And one in person too;
Tho' in thy essence seen by none,
Thy person we may view.
- 6 The Human made Divine,
Our souls with joy adore;
And soon with angels we shall join,
To praise and love thee more.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXIII.

*On the same ; or the Divine Humanity the Object
of our Worship.*

- 1 **T**O thee, Jehovah Lord, alone,
Who reignest on th' eternal throne ;
We send our praises, Lord, to thee,
In thy Divine Humanity.
- 2 While others boast more Gods than
one,
Some two, some three, and others none ;
Jesus, we worship none but thee,
In thy Divine Humanity.
- 3 What other God should we adore ?
Thou art our Lord, we want no more ;
Thou hast reveal'd thy Deity,
In thy Divine Humanity.
- 4 In human form thou art confess'd,
With all divine perfections blest'd ;
And soon we shall our Saviour see
In his Divine Humanity.
- 5 Be all thy name by us ador'd,
Jehovah, Jesus, God, or Lord ;
For all thy boundless Deity
Centers in thy Humanity.
- 6 We worship thee, and thee alone,
As Father, Holy Ghost, and Son ;
The one Jehovah God we see
In thy Divine Humanity.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Divine Protection.

- 1 **I** SEE a host of foes
Around me daily stand ;
And all my holy way oppose,
To Canaan's happy land.
- 2 But shall I yield to fear ?
Is all my courage gone ?
Is not my kind protector near,
To lead me safely on ?
- 3 I know his mighty pow'r ;
The devils know it too ;
And in temptation's dreadful hour,
My foes he will subdue.
- 4 My God makes known his aid,
In ev'ry new distress ;
I'll urge my way, nor be afraid,
He will be nigh to bless.
- 5 I give my soul to thee,
My Saviour, and my God ;
Thy word will make infernals flee,
They tremble at thy rod.
- 6 No more I'll dare to stray
From thy protecting hand ;
But trust in thee, and keep my way,
Till brought to Zion's land !

H Y M N CXXV.

Brotherly Union and Charity.

- 1 **H**OW bless'd the saints, when all are
join'd
As one in judgment, one in mind!
In truth and goodness all agree,
And bound in bonds of charity!
- 2 Rooted and grounded deep in love,
Not hell itself their souls can move;
By love cemented all agree,
And live in holy charity.
- 3 Anger and envy, rage and strife,
Self-will, self-love, and pride of life,
Are all subdued, and all agree,
To live in truth and charity.

H Y M N CXXVI.

On the same.

- 1 **W**OULD you behold a heaven be-
low?
To such a loving people go,
A type of heav'n you'll surely see;
For heav'n is love and charity.
- 2 O how divine must be the bliss,
To live in such a church as this!
With these my soul desires to be,
And live with them in charity.
- 3 Brethren, let us as one combine,
To live a life so much divine;

In truth and goodness all agree,
And walk in love and charity.

- 4 Then will our souls be blest'd indeed,
In heart and life so well agreed ;
And soon in better kingdoms we
Shall ever live in charity.

H Y M N CXXVII.

On the Knowledge of the Lord.

- 1 **O** HOW divinely blest'd
Are they that know the Lord ;
Who have his name confels'd,
And learn'd his holy word.
These happy souls
Are blest'd indeed,
And by the truth
From darkness freed.

- 2 What if we were as wise
As Solomon of old ;
Or if our wealth should rise
To millions ten times told :
We should be fools,
And beggars too,
If neither truth
Nor good we knew.

- 3 Had we all knowledge given,
So that we'd pow'r to tell
The wond'rous things of heav'n,
And horrid scenes of hell :
If Christ the Lord
We did not know,
No greater fools
Could live below.

4 Dear

- 4 Dear Lord, how shall we own
The riches of thy love!
Since thou to us art known,
By wisdom from above
'Tis thou hast made
Us truly wise,
And songs of praise
To thee shall rise!
- 5 But still we may implore
Increasing wisdom, Lord!
For thou canst give us more,
And teach us by thy word.
While here below
We would improve,
And daily grow
In truth and love.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

On the Natural and the Spiritual Body.

- 1 **B**ORN in a world of sin and death,
Soon as we draw our infant breath,
Sorrows and woes and pains begin,
The sure inheritance of sin.
- 2 This body feels ten thousand ills,
At length some sharp affliction kills;
It sinks, it falls, reluctant dies,
Bound to the grave, no more to rise.
Strange that this dying flesh should share
So much affection, love, and care!
But 'tis because we little know
We have a better body too.

- 4 A body this of purer mould,
That never dies nor waxeth old ;
'Tis spiritual, nor will decay,
But live an everlasting day.
- 5 O joyful happy dying hour,
When we shall rise with strength and
pow'r !
In this substantial body rise,
And live with angels in the skies !

H Y M N CXXIX.

On the same.

- 1 **D**EATH, thou art welcome to my
arms,
Attended with a thousand charms ;
From prison then I shall be freed,
By power divine, and live indeed.
- 2 Then let this feeble flesh decay,
Joyful the summons I'll obey ;
My heav'nly body longs to flee
From prison to full liberty.
- 3 This flesh and blood I want no more,
I land upon a purer shore ;
It's work is done, and I resign
That dust which is no longer mine.
- 4 Then will my spirit glorious rise,
Matur'd by goodness for the skies !
A form of heav'nly light and love,
And well prepar'd to live above !

HYMN

H Y M N CXXX.

The Spiritual Body raised by the Lord alone.

- 1 **A**ND shall my spirit rise indeed?
Will it from flesh and blood be
freed?
Leave that to Jesus, trust his word,
He is thy faithful, loving Lord.
- 2 None but his own almighty pow'r
Can raise thee in that solemn hour;
But he who soul and body gave,
Will raise the spirit from the grave.
- 3 His faithful sons are his delight,
Their death is precious in his sight;
Trust then thy soul to Jesu's care,
When death approaches he'll be there.
- 4 Jesus, I give to thee my all,
And wait till thou art pleas'd to call!
At death my spirit thou wilt raise,
And I shall rise to sing thy praise.

H Y M N CXXXI.

*The Christian's Entrance into the Spiritual
World.*

- 1 **B**UT O! what wonders strange and
new,
Will meet my ravish'd eyes!
What scenes delightful stand to view,
In those more happy skies!
- 2 What shall I do, or think, or say,
When by some angel's hand

I'm

I'm led along the heav'nly way;
In that eternal land?

3 What wonder, rapture, joy, and love,
Will all my soul pervade,
When in some paradise I rove,
Or sit beneath the shade!

4 And O what infinite delight,
When golden harps are strung!
And by the morning stars of light,
Jehovah's praise is sung!

H Y M N CXXXII.

On the same.

1 **A**ND when divine instructions flow
From these angelic choirs;
And they shall teach my soul to know
What now my soul desires.

2 How will rejoice this heart of mine,
To hear the tale of love!
While they with eloquence divine
My every cloud remove.

3 But ah! I'm lost in wonder now,
Dear Lord, what shall I be!
When in thy presence I shall bow,
And thy vast glory see?

4 I'll joyful wait my time below,
With holy zeal prepare;
Then fly with joy when call'd to go,
And join the angels there.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXXIII.

Faith alone exploded.

- 1 **V**AIN man, by error led astray,
Has fondly dream'd of heav'n;
That he's an heir of endless day,
And all his sins forgiv'n.
- 2 And why? because he has believ'd
That Jesus surely bled;
And from the scriptures too receiv'd
Some knowledge in the head.
- 3 He now depends on faith alone,
His sins are all forgiv'n,
He's sure to sit upon a throne,
And has no doubt of heav'n.
- 4 If such a faith be all your boast,
Your boasting is in vain;
Your hopes of heav'n will all be lost,
And you lie down in pain.
- 5 Faith is no faith, if heav'nly love
And goodness be not join'd;
Your hopes will all abortive prove,
And vanish in the wind.
- 6 Give me the faith that is divine,
The life of which is love;
To this a holy walk we'll join,
Then hope for heav'n above.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

All Men designed for Heaven, and none for Hell.

- 1 **G**REAT God of heav'n, it cannot be
That good and evil flow from
thee;
Thou art eternally the same,
And love and mercy are thy name.
- 2 Thy ways are truth, thy laws are right,
Justice and mercy thy delight;
To all thy tender mercies flow,
In heav'n above, and earth below.
- 3 Thou didst in love our race create,
Holy and happy was their state;
And when by sin thy creatures fell,
Thou didst redeem their souls from
hell.
- 4 To all thy grace is freely giv'n,
And thou wouldst lead them all to
heav'n;
Thy nature's love, thy dealings kind,
Nor one for hell was e'er design'd.
- 5 Great God, how kind are all thy ways!
How free thy love, how rich thy grace!
All needful aid to us is giv'n,
And we have pow'r to rise to heav'n!

H Y M N CXXXV.

On the same.

- 1 **K** NOW then that every soul is free
 To chuse his life, and what he'll
 be ;
 For this eternal truth is giv'n,
 That God will force no man to heav'n.
- 2 He'll draw, persuade, direct him right,
 Bless him with wisdom, love, and light ;
 In nameless ways be good and kind ;
 But never force the human mind.
- 3 Freedom and reason make us men ;
 Take these away, what are we then ?
 Mere animals, and just as well
 The beasts might think of heav'n or
 hell.
- 4 May we no more our pow'rs abuse,
 But ways of truth and goodness chuse !
 Our God is pleas'd when we improve
 His grace, and seek the worlds above.
- 5 But if we take the downward road,
 And make in hell our last abode ;
 Our God is clear, and we shall know,
 We plung'd ourselves in endless woe.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

The Way of Conjunction with the Lord.

- 1 **T** HAT there's a heav'n of joy for
 me,
 Is told me in the word ;
- M
- And

And what is heav'n ? It is to be
Conjoined with the Lord.

- 2 But can unholy join with pure ?
Or heav'n be mix'd with hell ?
Or can the wicked soul endure
With Jesus Christ to dwell ?
- 3 It cannot be ; then let me know,
My sins of life and heart ;
For these must deep repentance flow,
From these I must depart.
- 4 The truth and light must next be
known,
My soul the truth must love ;
My heart be fix'd on God alone,
And my desires above.
- 5 Goodness and truth my constant choice,
The Lord my only guide ;
My ear obedient to his voice,
And follow none beside.
- 6 Then shall I be to him conjoin'd,
With joy my soul will own,
That heav'n and happiness I find
In God the Lord alone.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

On the same.

1 **T**HOU blessed Lord, I feel and know,
My love is fix'd on thee ;
And sweet conjunction with thee too,
Thou givest unto me.

2 But

- 2 But nearer still my soul desires,
 With ardent zeal I move :
 To thee, my God, my heart aspires,
 With a celestial love.
- 3 In thee I find my heav'n of peace;
 And as I nearer draw,
 My wisdom, joy, and love increase,
 And knowledge of thy law.
- 4 I would be nearer, Lord, to thee,
 For thou art all my heav'n ;
 There's nothing can give joy to me,
 Except thyself be giv'n !
- 5 I only wish to be conjoin'd
 To thee still more in love !
 For here my life, my heav'n I find,
 And hence I'll ne'er remove.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

Sin remitted in Proportion as it is put away.

- 1 **A**LL seem to wish to be forgiv'n,
 When they to judgment come;
 Pretend to hope, and long for heav'n;
 As their eternal home.
- 2 Some think a sentence will suffice,
 When hanging o'er the grave;
 And hope they shall to glory rise,
 If mercy then they crave.
- 3 Some trust their all to faith alone,
 They're justified by this;
 Jesus did all their sins atone,
 And they are sure of bliss.

M 2

4 Others

- 4 Others suppose, if they repent,
And feel a transient pain,
They stand secure from punishment,
And shall in glory reign.
- 5 And thus the devil can deceive,
By vain and empty tales ;
Mortals are willing to believe,
And hell o'er man prevails.
- 6 Ye erring souls, to life arise,
And seek the better way ;
And if to heav'n you wish to rise,
Repent, believe, obey.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

On the same.

- 1 **I**F we would pardon find,
Thro' our Redeemer's blood,
Our sins must all be cast behind,
And we return to God.
- 2 As we our sins remove,
And put them all away ;
Return to God in humble love,
And his commands obey :
- 3 So shall we be forgiv'n,
And conscious peace receive ;
Witness with joy an inward heav'n,
And on the Lord believe.
- 4 As evils are abhor'd,
In heart, in life, in mind ;
They are remitted by the Lord,
And we forgiveness find.
- 5 Then ,

- 5 Then let us now remove
All evil from the heart ;
Thus shall we conscious pardon prove ,
As we from sin depart .

H Y M N GXL.

The Lord seen and adored in the Creation.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey this world,
With all it's beauteous frame ;
It's great Creator I adore ,
And celebrate his name .
- 2 The boundless whole displays
The wonders of the Lord ;
All nature echoes with his praise ,
And be his name ador'd .
- 3 The sun in ev'ry beam
Proclaims the God above :
It's ardent rays exhibit him ,
Who rules the worlds in love .
- 4 The lofty stars by night ,
The moon with paler glow ,
In ev'ry twinkling ray of light ,
Their Maker's honor shew .
- 5 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise ;
And O that ev'ry living soul
Would songs of honor raise !
- 6 The worlds were made in love ,
By wisdom all divine ;
And while in praise my tongue can move ,
That praise, O Lord, be thine !

H Y M N CXLI.

*Persecutions, or the wicked Enemies to the
Righteous. See the cxlth Psalm.*

1. **T**HE man who fears the Lord,
And walks in wisdom's ways;
Whose life directed by the word,
Shews forth his Maker's praise;
2. This man shall surely find
A host of envious foes,
To harrafs and distress his mind,
And load his soul with woes.
3. The vile ungodly man,
With poison on his tongue,
Will scenes of cruel mischief plan,
To do the righteous wrong.
4. They lay the cursed snare,
His footsteps to betray;
A thousand subtle wiles prepare,
And thus beset his way.
5. And could they but destroy
The man who fears his God;
How would they boast with hellish
joy,
And triumph in his blood!
6. We're safe in Jesu's hand,
In ev'ry trying hour;
He is the rock on which we stand,
Our refuge and our tower!

HYMN

H Y M N CXLII.

On the same.

- 1 **M**Y God is ever nigh,
He will my life defend :
My foes at thy rebuke shall fly,
O my almighty friend !
- 2 I will not yield to fear,
Nor dread what men can do :
In ev'ry trouble thou art near,
And wilt deliver too.
- 3 Thou art my God alone,
And thou wilt hear my voice ;
Oft thy salvation I have known,
In thee I could rejoice.
- 4 I still thy goodness trust,
And in thy pow'r confide ;
Thy daring foes shall die accurs'd,
And perish in their pride.
- 5 While those who fear thy name,
Shall triumph in thy love ;
And when their foes are cloth'd with
shame,
Sing victory above.
- 6 Thou wilt the cause maintain,
Of all thy humble poor ;
Soon in thy kingdom they shall reign,
And ev'ry cross be o'er.

HYMN

H Y M N CXLIII.

*The xvith Psalm, according to the internal
Sense, as opened by Emanuel Swedenborg.*

1. **T**HE Lord of hosts with pow'r
divine,
In his own strength secure,
Will save his church, tho' foes combine,
For his salvation's sure.
- 2 The sons of darkness vainly try,
To triumph in our blood :
Jesus will make their armies fly,
For he's the mighty God.
- 3 Essence divine to him belongs,
Almighty is his pow'r ;
Crown him, ye faithful, in your songs,
And fear your foes no more.
- 4 Behold the human sinks and dies,
And lo, he dies for you !
But see from death the conqu'ror rise,
For your salvation too !
- 5 In glory, honor, all divine,
His blessed body see ;
What rays unutterable shine,
From his Humanity !
- 6 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
His all-victorious love ;
Jesus is your almighty Lord,
He rules o'er all above.

H Y M N CXLIV.

The xlvth Psalm, according to E. S.

- 1 **I**N thee, O Lord, and thee alone,
All truth and wisdom dwell;
Thy truth hath brought opposers down,
And subjugated hell.
- 2 Eternal is thy sov'reign reign,
Thy church shall ever stand;
Thy kingdom like thyself remain,
And spread from land to land.
- 3 Thy human essence made divine,
And glorified above,
Beyond ten thousand suns doth shine,
In beams of truth and love.
- 4 To all the church our God is known,
The church shall praise thy name;
And earth and heaven join in one,
To celebrate thy fame.

H Y M N CXLV.

On the same.

- 1 **G**ROUNDED in truth thy church
shall rise
In all thy image, Lord;
And with divine affection prize
The doctrines of thy word.
- 2 From nat'ral love thy saints depart,
And with a holy fire,
Give to their Lord their willing heart,
To him their souls aspire.

- 3 So shall the church in knowledge grow,
Abound in truth divine ;
In robes of righteousness below
Above their fellows shine.
- 4 With ev'ry science richly blest'd;
To aid them in their road,
The holy church shall stand confess'd
The fav'rite of her God.
- 5 One with the Lord, the God of heav'n,
Conjoin'd in truth and love ;
To them shall ev'ry good be giv'n.
Below, and then above.

H Y M N CXLVI.

The liid Psalm, according to E. S.

- 1 **S**URE as Jehovah reigns on high,
O'er all the boasting race ;
So sure the hypocrites shall die,
And perish in disgrace.
- 2 Tho' mischiefs dwell upon their tongue,
And like a razor wound ;
And mad to do their neighbour wrong,
In all deceit abound.
- 3 While they are eager to devour,
In war, and blood delight ;
The mighty God will curb their pow'r,
And check their feeble might.
- 4 Puff'd up with knowledge empty, vain,
When they are most secure,

Then.

Then shall they fall amongst the slain,
And endless woe endure.

- 5 But they who trust the Lord on high,
Shall as the olive grow;
Prosper in peace, in love, and joy,
In God's own house below.
- 6 Their tongues shall ever join in praise,
To that almighty pow'r,
Who saves his saints by various ways,
In ev'ry trying hour.
- 7 Their foes shall see the righteous reign
On thrones of love and light;
While they sink down to endless pain,
And everlasting night.

H Y M N CXLVII.

The cxith Psalm, according to E. S.

- 1 **P**Raise ye the Lord, exalt his
name,
In his own house his pow'r proclaim;
His wond'rous works and ways demand
The song of praise from ev'ry land.
- 2 He hath redeem'd our souls from hell,
Safe in his holy church we dwell;
He freely gives celestial food,
His hand with-holds no solid good.
- 3 His works of truth and love endure,
His judgments stand for ever sure;
Eternal is Jehovah's reign,
His church for ever shall remain.

4 Happy

4 Happy the man who fears the Lord,
Keeps his commands, obeys his word!
In this his highest wisdom lies,
This man alone is truly wise.

5 Lord, give me this divinest skill,
To fear thy name, obey thy will!
Then thy salvation I shall see,
And live for ever, Lord, with thee.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

Good Angels attendant on Man.

1 **T**H O' cloth'd in feeble dust and
earth
Our noble spirits are;
Angels attend us from our birth,
And make our souls their care.

2 The holy angels mark our road,
Our heedless steps attend;
Inspire our minds with thoughts of
God,
And all our ways befriend.

3 For ever tender, loving, kind,
Our happiness pursue;
And with a sweet officious mind,
Still have our good in view.

4 Great God, and do thy angels wait
On such a worm as I?
To guide me in my erring state,
And lead my soul on high?

5 O how should I their friendship prize,
And all my conduct heed!

Ne'er

- Ne'er to offend their holy eyes,
 In thought, in word, or deed!
- 6 But O, those purer eyes divine
 My ev'ry step attend!
 Lord, thou art near this soul of mine,
 And I'll no more offend!

H Y M N CXLIX.

Evil Spirits attendant on Man.

- 1 **A**ND O my soul, be on thy guard,
 Infernals wait around,
 To rob thee of thy great reward,
 Lest thou at length art crown'd.
- 2 Much is their guile, and great their
 pow'r,
 They rage in ev'ry breath;
 O how they labour to devour,
 And bring us down to death!
- 3 They watch our steps, and love to
 dwell
 In all our loves unclean;
 They flyly lead us down to hell,
 And operate unseen.
- 4 We'll guard against their influence,
 Their ev'ry art oppose;
 Labour and strive to drive them hence,
 For they're eternal foes.
- 5 But Jesus will our lives defend,
 And bid our foes depart,
 If we our minds to goodness bend,
 And give to him the heart.

- 6 Dear Lord, we long for none but thee,
 To thee we joyful come!
 Angels will our companions be,
 And heav'n our certain home!

H Y M N C L.

Formality and Coldness complained of.

- 1 **H**OW cold is my heart in thy ways,
 How formal and lifeless I'm
 grown!
 How little affected by grace,
 And all the rich mercies I've known!
- 2 Whenever I pray to my God,
 How languid and dull is my heart!
 Awaken me, Lord, with the rod,
 Or grace to enliven impart.
- 3 I come to thy worship, and join
 With all the dear saints of the Lord;
 No heart is so formal as mine,
 So thoughtless when hearing thy word.
- 4 While others rejoice in thy name,
 I mournfully hang down my head;
 While they thy rich mercy proclaim,
 My joys and my comforts are dead.
- 5 From formal to faithful I'd rise,
 From coldness to rapture and love;
 I long for the heavenly joys,
 To raise my affections above!
- 6 The shadow, the form, and the name,
 Are nothing, dear Saviour, to me;

The

The power, the life, and the flame;
Can only unite me to thee.

H Y M N CLI.

Regeneration desired.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart that's pure and clean,
A mind and will renew'd!
In life no base transgression seen,
But evils all subdued!
- 2 Nor will I dream, the heart and life
Are in a moment clean;
For long and painful is the strife,
That must be felt within.
- 3 Nobly the strife I will maintain,
And ev'ry sin oppose;
Till self and all it's loves are slain,
And conquer'd all my foes.
- 4 But, Lord, the arduous work is thine,
'Tis thou canst make me pure;
My soul to thee I will resign,
For there I am secure.

H Y M N CLII.

The spiritual Sense of the holy Word revealed.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we give thee praise
For all thy wond'rous grace!
Thy kind and condescending ways,
To our poor fallen race!
- 2 Thou hast thy love reveal'd
Beyond what prophets knew;
The holy book of truth unseal'd,
To our astonish'd view.

- 3 We wander now no more
Where sons of darkness lead;
But truth in sacred light explore,
And wonder while we read.
- 4 The letter of thy word
Before we hardly knew;
And in our awful darkness, Lord,
Deem'd half the word untrue.
- 5 But now it's inward sense
Is open'd to the mind;
We learn thy heav'nly doctrines thence,
And living waters find.
- 6 Lord, we adore thy name,
For light and truth divine!
From thee the welcome mercies came,
And be the glory thine!

H Y M N CLIII.

On the same.

- 1 **B**UT O, what wonders rise
To our astonish'd view!
The clouds are driven from the skies,
And all the scene is new.
- 2 No more a fruitless strife
For error we maintain;
The word is spirit, truth, and life,
And human notions vain.
- 3 The word is all divine,
It's inmost is the Lord;
His glories thro' the letter shine,
And be his name ador'd!

4 Now

4 Now Jesus gives to know
It's true, internal sense;
And doth to all his church below
It's light and truth dispense.

5 None but the Lord can make
His word to sinners known;
What Jesus gives we thankful take,
And bow before his throne!

H Y M N CLIV.

*Praise to the Lord, for the spiritual Sense of
the Word.*

1 **H**OW richly blest'd we live,
How great our favors prove!
To Jesus may we ever give
The grateful song of love!

2 Why, Lord, have we receiv'd
Thy new-discover'd grace?
While thousands will not yet believe,
Among the christian race?

3 Thy doctrines they contemn,
And treat with proud disdain;
Still, Lord, we might have been like
them,
As foolish, blind, and vain.

4 'Tis to thy love we owe
A better state of mind;
To thee, our God, shall praises flow,
For thou art ever kind!

5 Now must we holy stand,
In all that's good improve;

For greater mercies sure demand.
A higher state of love.

H Y M N CLV.

*On reading the Earths in the Universe by E. S.
See Psalm viii. 3. cxlv. 10.*

- 1 **O** COULD I soar from star to star,
From world to world arise !
Explore those systems distant far,
Spread through the boundless skies !
- 2 Could I those num'rous orbs survey;
Their names and number know ;
And wing the vast, the trackless way,
Where suns far beaming glow !
- 3 Then should I see the works of God,
With an expanded mind ;
His wond'rous wisdom, boundless pow'r,
In nature's works combin'd.
- 4 The pleasing thought how vast, how
grand !
Millions of worlds arise,
Supported by th' Almighty's hand,
And spread throught the skies !
- 5 How favor'd he * who once could soar
From world to world, and prove
Jehovah's wisdom, skill, and pow'r,
In those vast orbs above !
- 6 Yet these are earthly, gross, impure,
May or may not abide ;
But those for ever shall endure,
Where angel hosts reside.

* E. S.

HYMN

H Y M N CLVI.

On the same.

- 1 **A**ND if the outworks of our God
Be so immensely great ;
What is his own divine abode,
Where stands his throne of state ?
- 2 If worlds so large, and numberless,
In nature's system roll ;
What must that heav'n of heavens be,
That's greater than the whole ?
- 3 What thought can reach, what mind
conceive,
Th' immeasur'd heav'n above ?
Where men, from every world, shall live,
In endless joy and love ?
- 4 All thought is lost, and reason drown'd,
In this immense survey !
We cannot fathom the profound,
Nor trace Jehovah's way.
- 5 For infinite are all his works,
And all his pow'r proclaim :
Fall down my soul in solemn praise,
And honor, Jesu's name.

H Y M N CLVII.

*On the Departure of a pious and faithful
Female Friend.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friend ! a long
farewell !
For we shall meet no more,

Till

Till we are rais'd with thee to dwell
On Zion's happier shore.

- 2 Our friend and sister, lo ! is dead,
The cold and lifeless clay
Has made in dust it's silent bed,
And there it must decay.
- 3 But is she dead ? No, no, she lives :
Her nobler spirit flies
To heav'n above, and there receives
The long expected prize.
- 4 Methinks I see her joyful stand
Before the God of heav'n :
He smiles—she enters Zion's land,
And her reward is giv'n.
- 5 In robes of innocence and love
Her virgin soul is dress'd ;
And all the angel hosts above
Rejoice to see her blest'd.
- 6 Then let us dry our mournful tears,
From gloomy grief refrain ;
In heav'n our sister now appears,
And will for ever reign.
- 7 A little while, and we shall go
To yonder happy skies ;
And join our friend we lov'd below,
In everlasting joys.
- 8 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell !
Soon we shall rise to thee ;
And when we meet, no tongue can tell
How great our joy shall be !

H Y M N CLVIII.

On the same.

- 1 **A** H ! late how full of trying pain
Our now deliver'd friend !
How oft we heard her thus complain,
" When will my sorrows end ?
- 2 " But to my heav'nly Father's will
" Be all my spirit giv'n !
" Peace, peace my mourning soul, be
still,
" And wait awhile for heav'n ?"
- 3 But now how chang'd our sister's state !
She stands on Zion's ground ;
Her sorrows here were sharp and great ;
But there her heav'n is found.
- 4 Angels the wond'ring soul attend,
In pleasing converse join ;
She now beholds her God and Friend,
And basks in bliss divine.
- 5 Pain, sorrow, grief, and sin are o'er,
They're neither fear'd nor known ;
She lives on a celestial shore,
And heav'n is all her own.
- 6 Surely our souls would wish to die,
For joys so great as these !
We waiting stand, and long to fly,
Whene'er our God shall please !

HYMN

H Y M N CLIX.

*The Lord our Help in all the various States we
pass through in Life.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH Jesus is my Lord,
I trust in him alone;
For every promise of his word
Is steadfast as his throne.
- 2 Am I a sinner in his sight,
And humbled for my guilt?
To save and heal is his delight,
For me his blood was spilt.
- 3 Am I athirst for living wine?
The fountain's full and free;
Jesus will give the truth divine,
He promis'd it to me.
- 4 Am I desiring heav'nly bread
With an impatient mind?
With this I shall be richly fed,
For Jesus Christ is kind.

H Y M N CLX:

On the same.

- 1 **A**M I on ev'ry side beset
With vile reproach and scorn?
Jesus will not my soul forget,
He felt the wounding thorn.
- 2 Am I expos'd to enemies
Who would my soul devour?
Jesus will for my help arise,
In this distressing hour!

- 3 Do serpents, dragons, beasts of prey,
Beset me in my road ?
Jesus will surely clear my way,
For he's the mighty God.
- 4 Am I allur'd by earthly joys,
Some fascinating charm ?
Jesus will shew they're empty toys,
And I shall get no harm.

H Y M N CLXI.

On the same.

- 1 **A**M I distress'd, and feel within
Some sore temptation there ?
Jesus will keep my soul from sin,
He always hears my prayer.
- 2 Am I by all th' infernal host
Assail'd and deeply try'd ?
Still let me hope—I shan't be lost,
The Lord is on my side.
- 3 Am I in darkness deep as night,
Without a cheering ray ?
Jesus will quickly give me light,
And turn the shade to day.
- 4 Am I unworthy Jesu's aid,
Vile, sinful, base, and mean ?
I am ; but will not be afraid,
My God can make me clean.

H Y M N CLXII.

The same.

- 1 **A**M I by sin an heir of hell,
Deserving endless pain?
I am; but yet I'm call'd to dwell
Where saints and angels reign.
- 2 Am I the vilest of my race?
I am, or nearly so;
But Jesus Christ is rich in grace,
And will great mercy shew.
- 3 Am I the least of all the saints?
I am, or wish to be;
Then Jesus will from all complaints
Most surely set me free.
- 4 Am I in earnest for my God,
And do I long for heav'n?
Jesus will lead me in the road,
And ev'ry good be giv'n.

H Y M N CLXIII.

The same.

- 1 **D**O I my neighbour truly love?
My enemies forgive?
Then I shall surely rise above,
And with the angels live.
- 2 Am I preparing for my home,
And longing for my Lord?
Then surely he will quickly come,
According to his word.

- 3 Am I afraid to quit my clay,
And lay this body down?
No; I could give it up to day,
And fly to take my crown.
- 4 Am I assur'd my God will raise
My spirit in that hour?
I am; and give to him the praise,
For none but he has pow'r.

H Y M N CLXIV.

The same.

- 1 **A**M I in waiting for my Lord?
Do I from sin refrain?
Do I obey his holy word?
If not, my hopes are vain.
- 2 Am I in heart and life sincere?
Lord, I appeal to thee;
No fair disguise my soul should wear,
Thou knowest what I be.
- 3 Am I assur'd I shall be bless'd,
And live in heav'n above?
I am assur'd I there shall rest,
Because my God is love.
- 4 Now, blessed Lord, I give my all
To thee, and thee alone;
Before thy feet most humbly fall,
And all thy mercy own!
- 5 Henceforth I'll live to none but thee,
In humble faith and love!
And ev'ry moment ready be
To rise to heav'n above.

O

HYMN

H Y M N CLXV.

The Emptiness of earthly Riches.

- 1 **B**OAST not, vain man, of all thy store,
Of heaps of shining gold;
If these are all, thou still art poor,
When all thy sums are told.
- 2 Tho' lands and lordships are thy own,
Titles and pomp beside;
Tho' diamonds, pearls, and precious
stone,
Increase thy wealth and pride:
- 3 What art thou still without thy God,
His love, his truth, and word?
A poor, polluted, dying clod,
Tho' by thyself ador'd.
- 4 Empty and vain are all below,
And they who vainly trust
In riches, pride, and pomp, and shew,
Are by themselves accurs'd.
- 5 Let me enjoy substantial wealth,
Jehovah's truth and love;
Be all my soul in peace and health,
And heir to worlds above.
- 6 All earthly riches I resign,
Contented to be poor;
Be Jesus and his kingdom mine,
I ask and want no more.

HYMN

H Y M N CLXVI.

Contention and Strife deplored.

- 1 **W**E live amongst a sinful brood,
Strangers to righteousness and
God;
Who live in lust, revenge, and pride,
And all that's good and true deride.
- 2 Hence wars and quarrels, rage and
strife,
And all the wretched scenes of life;
Injustice, cruelty, and rage,
And ev'ry evil marks our age.
- 3 And must we live where finners dwell,
Amidst infernals, yea in hell?
Hard lot it seems, but must be borne,
Till we to heav'n our home return.
- 4 Like all the rest of Adam's race,
We have abus'd Jehovah's grace;
And must this state of trial prove,
Till ripen'd for the world above.
- 5 Then we shall leave the sons of strife,
And live a peaceful, happy life;
Then every struggle will be o'er,
And we shall see our foes no more.

H Y M N CLXVII.

On the same.

- 1 **W**HILE here we live, we fain
would be
From quarrels and contention free;
O 2 But

But while the world is full of strife,
Can we expect a peaceful life ?

2 Here in a desert, where are found
Dragons and serpents all around ;
Can we expect we shall be free
From all their wounding cruelty ?

3 Where shall we fly, or whither run,
That we may all their fury shun ?
If into woods or caves we fly,
We're seen by envy's piercing eye.

4 Jesus, we come to none but thee,
Under thy shadow let us be ;
Thou canst from ev'ry foe defend,
And guard us till our journey end.

5 In thee we shall have peace and rest,
But no where else can we be blest ;
We'll make our constant refuge here,
Nor envious foes or devils fear.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

Few saved ; or many called, but few chosen.

1 **H**OW few, alas, shall live
In worlds of peace and love !
The crown of joy receive,
The free reward above !
They dream in vain
Of joys on high ;
Sink down in pain,
Despair, and die.

2 But

- 2 But what can be the cause,
So few to glory rise?
Jehovah gives us laws
To lead us to the skies;
His mercy's free
To all mankind,
And none can be
For hell design'd.
- 3 No, God is ever good;
But men his love refuse;
His mercy is withstood,
His laws they will abuse;
And madly run
Their race below,
Till they're undone,
And sink in woe.
- 4 Jehovah calls them home,
They turn an adder's ear;
Daily refuse to come,
Nor will his warnings hear;
Till at the gate
Of hell they be;
And then too late
Their folly see.
- 5 O sinners, now be wise,
Your days will quickly end;
The calls of mercy prize,
And turn to God your friend.
Then you shall rest
In heav'n above,
For ever bless'd
With peace and love.

H Y M N CLXIX.

Old Age in Ignorance and Sin.

- 1 **B**EHOLD decrepid, aged men,
Bow'd down with threescore years
and ten;
Their days in sin and folly spent,
Nor yet they've leisure to repent.
- 2 Fond of the world, and anxious still
To gratify the sensual will;
Accustom'd to an evil road,
With no desire to turn to God.
- 3 Old age and pain their frame assail,
They feel, yet know not what they ail;
But labor hard in every breath,
And tir'd of life, oft wish for death.
- 4 But O, how stupid is the mind!
To heav'n or hell they're wholly blind;
That there's a God they hardly know,
Or heav'n above, or hell below.
- 5 Grey-headed souls from ign'rance rise;
Surely 'tis time you should be wise;
Just bending o'er the silent tomb,
Another hour may seal your doom.
- 6 That hour improve while 'tis at hand,
Lest, ere it end, you're call'd to stand
Before your judge, then sink to hell,
And in eternal sorrows dwell.

H Y M N CLXX.

Characters and Marks of the true Christian.

- 1 **D**O I belong to Christ the Lord,
My title founded on his word?
Important question! be it try'd,
For truth will soon the point decide.
- 2 The christian hates his ev'ry sin,
Evils external or within;
And with an humble broken heart,
From all that's sinful does depart.
- 3 The christian takes his daily cross,
Counts all of self but dung and dross;
Gives up his pride, his lust, and strife,
And all his former worldly life.
- 4 The christian is no more his own,
But given up to God alone;
His will, his mind, his life, and ways,
Are all devoted to his praise.
- 5 The christian has his heart above,
His life is form'd by truth and love;
His whole delight is in the Lord,
And he obeys the holy word.
- 6 The christian's full of charity,
To neighbour, friend, and enemy;
He seeks their good with zealous mind,
And is to all sincerely kind.

H Y M N CLXXI.

The same.

- 1 **T**HE christian knows his God aright,
And worships him with strong
delight;

- He's taught of God, and truly wise,
Still sets the Lord before his eyes.
- 2 The christian has a faith divine,
And does to faith obedience join;
Believes the truth, the truth obeys,
And constant walks in holy ways.
- 3 The christian is a man of God,
He takes the pure, the heav'nly road;
All his affections rise above,
And all his heart is full of love.
- 4 The christian shines with lustre bright,
His understanding's full of light;
To Jesus Christ he's wholly giv'n,
And is indeed a form of heav'n.
- 5 Dear Lord, to thee my soul aspires,
And kindles with seraphic fires;
The real christian I would be,
And live, O Lord, to none but thee.

H Y M N CLXXII.

*The Lord rejected by the Jews in his first
Advent, and by the Christians in his second
Advent.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus first appear'd
Cloth'd in our feeble clay;
But few the blessed Lord rever'd,
Few did his word obey.
- 2 The Jews, that stubborn race,
Despis'd their sov'reign Lord;
Contemn'd his overtures of grace,
And trampled on his word.

3 He

3 He preach'd his gospel there,
His ev'ry word was kind;
And with a loving tender care,
Would fain have heal'd the blind.

4 But still they disbelieve,
From all his mercy fly;
At length their due reward receive,
They sink, despair, and die.

5 Thus mercy is refus'd,
Now God is come again;
By christians Jesu's love's abus'd,
They fight against his reign.

6 By falses led astray,
By vain tradition blind;
Darkness to them appears as day,
And obstinate the mind.

7 But we will bless thee, Lord,
That thou art come again;
Thankful will we receive thy word,
And hail thy glorious reign.

8 Tho' deep reproach and shame
We meet on ev'ry hand;
We know thou'rt come, and will pro-
claim
Thy advent in the land.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

On the same.

1 **B**UT why, ye christians, why
Do you refuse your Lord?
And

And in your ign'rance rather die,
Than now receive his word ?

- 2 Why treat you with disdain
The servant he hath giv'n ?
Because he proves your doctrines vain,
And points your souls to heav'n.
- 3 'Tis evil, self, and pride,
Which makes you blind and vain ;
And thus the sacred truth deride,
Now God is come again.
- 4 O would you humbly read,
What is in love made known ;
The truth your happy souls would
lead,
To bow at Jesu's throne.
- 5 But if you will be blind,
And still oppose the light ;
Your sad mistake you'll quickly find,
And sink in endless night.

H. Y M N CLXXIV.

On the Holy Supper. [The Approach.]

- 1 GREAT God of heav'n, thy children
now
Humbly before thy footstool bow ;
And with delightful pleasure prove
The wonders of thy truth and love.
- 2 Thy ord'nance, Lord, we'll not forget,
But round thy blessed table meet ;
In holy love, and faith divine,
We'll eat the bread, and drink the wine.

3 In

- 3 In charity with all mankind,
One in affection, one in mind,
Instructed by thy holy word,
We come to banquet with our Lord.
- 4 Hatred and rage, infernal fires,
All vile affections, base desires,
Be all by holy love subdued,
Nor ever at this feast intrude.
- 5 And while thy table we surround,
May every heart in love be found ;
In firm affection all combin'd,
And each with each communion find.

H Y M N CLXXV.

Holy Supper. [The Lord present.]

- 1 **A**ND is the Lord Jehovah here?
Will he amongst his flock appear?
Welcome, most holy sov'reign Lord,
To ev'ry soul around thy board.
- 2 Now we approach in love to thee,
And each with each in charity ;
Open the heavens, Lord, and shew
Thy richest love to saints below,
- 3 Now may thy waiting children prove
The heights and depths of saving love ;
And favor'd with internal sight,
Thy truth behold with sweet delight!
- 4 Then shall we know thy flesh and blood
Are all the truth and love of God ;
That bread and wine imply the same,
The goods and truths in Jesu's name.
- 5 He

- 5 He feeds us with the bread divine,
Gives us to drink the heav'nly wine!
And here we sweet conjunction prove
With thee, the Lord our God of love!

H Y M N CLXXVI.

[*The Lord and all the Effects of his Redemption present.*] See Univ. Theol. n. 717.

- 1 COME, brethren, at this feast appear,
With joyful souls attend;
Jesus in love divine is here,
As your redeeming friend.
- 2 All his redemption is applied
To his adopted sons;
Jesus was conqueror when he died,
We're his redeemed ones.
- 3 Deliver'd from the pow'r of hell,
To Jesus Christ conjoin'd;
In his own church and kingdom dwell,
And full salvation find.
- 4 This is the faith that's all divine,
Firm founded on the word;
To call this great redemption mine,
And glory in the Lord.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

Holy Supper. [*Flesh, Blood, Bread, and Wine opened.*] See Univ. Theol. n. 702.

- 1 TO God be praises giv'n,
Who hath the word unseal'd;
Disclos'd

Disclos'd the wond'rous things of
heav'n,
And holy truth reveal'd.

2 Dear Lord, that flesh of thine,
By thee call'd living bread,
Is all the good of love divine,
By which the soul is fed.

3 The good of charity
Is in the flesh implied;
By these we're kindly taught to see
Why our Redeemer died.

4 By water, wine, and blood,
The all of truth is seen;
By these we're sanctified to God,
These only make us clean.

5 Dear Lord, we thankful join
Around thy holy board;
We eat the bread, we drink the wine,
And be thy name ador'd!

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

*Holy Supper. [A Sign and Seal that we are
the Sons of God.] See U. T. 728.*

1 **O**NCE more do we enjoy the sign,
That we are sons of God,
Partake the sacred bread and wine,
The holy flesh and blood.

2 Now seal'd again by Jesu's love,
We call the Lord our own;
With strength renew'd mount up above,
And hasten to our throne.

P

3 O happy

- 3 O happy meeting, heav'nly feast !
Where God and sinners meet !
And we (behold) the honor'd guest,
That sit at Jesu's feet.
- 4 But O, the blest transporting thought !
Soon we shall rise above ;
And to the heav'nly table brought,
There taste the feast of love.
- 5 With angels and blest spirits join
In all that can be giv'n,
Of goodness, truth, and love divine,
In that eternal heav'n.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

Holy Supper. [The Memorial.]

- 1 **C**OME, brethren, let us all unite
At Jesu's table with delight ;
Obey with joy his blessed word,
And not forget our honor'd Lord.
- 2 He lives, he lives, and reigns above,
But gives us here his cheering love ;
Tho' high he reigns, for us he died ;
For us he once was crucified.
- 3 And hath he this injunction giv'n ?
" Remember me your God in heav'n ;
" I died for you, my death proclaim,
" My love confess, and own my name."
- 4 Lord, we obey thy mild command,
And now around thy table stand ;
Thy holy love with rapture own,
And bow submissive at thy throne.

5 While

- 5 While we have life, and pow'r, and
 breath,
 We will record our Saviour's death;
 The holy bread and wine partake,
 And keep this feast for Jesu's sake.
- 6 We're not asham'd to own our Lord,
 His love and mercy we record;
 He is our God, we want no more,
 And none but Jesus we adore.

H Y M N CLXXX.

Holy Supper. [The Invitation.]

- 1 **C**OME, all ye wretched, poor, and
 blind,
 Ye heavy laden come;
 In Jesus your salvation find,
 He waits to take you home.
- 2 The feast of love is now prepar'd,
 Come ye, and taste the food;
 You're welcome to your God and Lord,
 For he is kind and good.
- 3 Make no excuse, but come away,
 The feast for you is giv'n;
 Linger no more, no more delay,
 Come to the feast of heav'n.
- 4 If humble, lowly, meek, your mind,
 And Christ your God alone;
 Come to his table, comfort find,
 The feast is all your own.
- 5 Why has the Lord this table spread?
 'Tis to refresh the poor,

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And Christ your God alone;
Come to his table, comfort find,
The feast is all your own.
- 5 Why has the Lord this table spread?
'Tis to refresh the poor,

That they may eat the living bread,
And drink, and thirst no more.

- 6 Come then, ye humble, own the Lord;
And in his name believe;
Take what he offers in his word,
And all his love receive.

H Y M N CLXXXI.

Holy Supper. [It's Excellency.]

- 1 **W**ERE I to potent kings ally'd,
In all their pomp, and wealth,
and pride;
Could I their ev'ry pleasure prove,
And in a princely palace move;
- 2 I'd freely all this pomp resign,
And with the humble christian join;
I'd throw away their empty toys,
To share the christian's better joys.
- 3 What entertainment can compare
With thy own feast when thou art
there,
In all thy love and wisdom, Lord,
As thou hast promis'd in thy word?
- 4 Here will I sit at Jesu's feet,
And taste his soul-reviving treat;
And all that's earthly I resign,
Enough for me that God is mine!

HYMN

H Y M N CLXXXII.

Holy Supper. [Same as above.]

- 1 **T**HE honors of this mortal state,
However splendid, rich, and great,
Are dearly bought, nor long remain,
But end in sorrow, shame, and pain.
- 2 But here, O Lord, my soul is free,
Thou hast in love invited me;
To me thy love thou wilt impart,
And be the portion of my heart.
- 3 I ask no more; the empty things,
Baubles, and toys, and pomp of kings,
And all that's earthly, I resign,
Enough for me that God is mine.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

Holy Supper. [The Lord's Conflicts and Temptations.]

- 1 **B**UT while I eat this flesh and blood,
The love and truth of Christ my
God;
Let me remember Jesus too,
His conflicts and temptations view.
- 2 The bitter cup he drank for me,
His nameless grief, and agony;
His deep temptation, bloody sweat,
And dying woes I'll not forget.
- 3 He drank the cup, he bore the pain,
And did with blood his garment stain,

He felt temptation's awful hours,
And grappled with infernal pow'rs.

- 4 But 'twas to conquer all his foes,
And save a world from endless woes;
To make his human all divine,
And raise to heav'n this soul of mine.
- 5 While here my joyful spirit's fed,
I'll not forget my Saviour bled;
But all his dying love proclaim,
And sing the honors of his name.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

*Holy Supper. [Contemplating the Benefits
derived from Conjunction with the Lord in
this Feast.]*

- 1 **A**ND while we sit around the board,
Of our kind God of love,
We'll meditate the boundless joys
Prepar'd for us above.
- 2 This feast an antepast is giv'n,
Of richer pleasures there;
The entertainment we in heav'n
Shall with the angels share.
- 3 Our Saviour suffer'd here below,
Temptation, grief, and pain;
That we might rise from sin and woe,
And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 So while we sit, and joyful eat
His flesh, and drink his blood;
The earnest 'tis that we shall meet
Around the throne of God.

- 5 Ten thousand joys we there shall prove,
And endless be the feast;
There all be harmony and love,
And happy ev'ry guest.
- 6 Jesus, thy name we will adore,
For all our blessings giv'n;
But O, we'll love and praise thee more
At the grand feast in heav'n!

H Y M N CLXXXV.

Holy Supper. [Communion of Saints.]

- 1 **Y**E saints that sit around
The table of your God,
In charity and peace abound,
While on your heav'nly road.
- 2 As one in heart and mind,
Joint heirs of joys above,
Be each to each, as angels kind,
And walk in truth and love.
- 3 May charity prevail
Amongst the saints below!
The love divine which cannot fail,
Unite us all below!
- 4 That we who eat the bread,
And drink the holy wine,
At last may live with Christ our head,
And all in glory join!

HYMN

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

Holy Supper. [Communion of Saints.]

- 1 **T**HIS is a feast of love,
An union with the Lord;
But none the sweet communion prove,
Save those that love the word.
- 2 May ev'ry feast increase
The union of the heart!
And cordial harmony and peace:
To ev'ry mind impart.
- 3 So shall we rise and grow
In all that's true and good;
Soon change our cottages below,
For palaces with God.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

Holy Supper. [Considered as a Covenant.]

- 1 **B**OUND to our Lord by sacred ties,
Let us with holy ardor rise;
Pursue with zeal our heav'nly way,
And press to everlasting day.
- 2 Once more we bind our souls to thee;
And only thine, dear Lord, we be;
Our cov'nant we again renew,
And to our vows we would be true.
- 3 'Tis mercy, Lord; in thee to give
The bread and wine, by which we live;
And as thy favors are thy own,
We'll live to thee, and thee alone.

Satan.

- 4 Satan may tempt, the world allure,
Faithful to Jesus we'll endure;
The best of masters we obey,
Nor hell shall turn our feet astray.
- 5 Jesus, in thee our souls confide,
Thou art our strength, our help, and
guide!
Thy love demands all we can give,
And to thy holy name we'll live.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

*Holy Supper. [The Greatness of Jesu's Love
in this Feast.]*

- 1 **W**HAT wonders hath Jehovah
wrought,
How great the price by which we're
bought!
The all of love and truth divine,
In our redemption sweetly join.
- 2 The beams of love descend, and bring
Ten thousand blessings from our king;
While rays of glorious truth and light
Unveil his glories to our sight.
- 3 Here, Lord, our souls with rapture sit,
And wait and worship at thy feet;
How wond'rous rich the heav'nly feast,
And yet poor sinners are the guest.
- 4 Thy love exceeds our highest praise,
And all the songs that angels raise;
How then shall we attempt to sing
The boundless goodness of our king!
- 5 Dear

- 5 Dear Lord, had we ten thousand tongues,
And notes beyond the angels songs;
Still we should fail, nor could make
known
The nameless mercies of thy throne.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

Holy Supper. [Appropriation.]

- 1 **C**OME, brethren, while we eat this
bread,
Know we, our hungry souls are fed?
Doth love divine, that holy flame,
Raise all our hearts to Jesu's name?
- 2 Do we enjoy a rich increase
Of goodness, charity, and peace?
And feel that blessed influx giv'n,
Which raises humble souls to heav'n?
- 3 And while we drink the living wine,
Do we enjoy the truth divine?
In knowledge, zeal, and wisdom rise,
More good, more pure, and truly wise?
- 4 So shall we eat and drink, and live,
Influx of love and truth receive;
And each and all advance, improve,
Till rais'd to forms of truth and love.
- 5 Internal be this holy treat,
And heart with heart in union meet?
Be all as one in love combin'd,
And each to Jesus Christ conjoin'd!

H Y M N CXC.

Holy Supper. [An Earnest of every Good.]

- 1 **A**ND will the Lord, who gives this
feast,
One real good deny
To any of his humble guests,
Who at his footstool lie?
- 2 No; 'tis a pledge of love divine,
Of mercies from his throne;
It tells me ev'ry good is mine,
That Jesus is my own.
- 3 It tells us we shall share his grace,
While on our heav'nly way;
At length behold his lovely face
In everlasting day.
- 4 A foretaste 'tis of joys to come,
Of all that shall be giv'n,
When brought to our eternal home,
When landed safe in heav'n.
- 5 Now while we feast with thankful
mind,
May faith and love increase;
Till we the richer table find,
In worlds of joy and peace!

H Y M N CXCI.

Praise to the Lord for constant Preservation.

- 1 **T**HOU great, all-knowing, present
God,
Where'er I stay or rove,

I am

- I am surrounded still by thee,
Encircled with thy love.
- 2 When in the paths of vice I trod,
Nor fear'd thy holy name,
Thou wast my all-supporting God,
Thy hand preserv'd my frame.
- 3 Still, Lord, thy hand my life defends,
My life I owe to thee;
Thy mercy all my way attends,
Thy love abounds to me.
- 4 Where'er I am, I am thy care,
Thy dealings all are love;
And thy intention to prepare
My soul for heav'n above.
- 5 My God and Saviour guides me still
In all his righteous ways;
Daily will I perform his will,
Each moment live his praise.

H Y M N CXCII.

The faithful Christian.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, thy maker's care,
With ev'ry mercy bless'd;
Peace, solid peace, thy portion here,
Hereafter endless rest.
- 2 Assur'd of Jesu's pow'rful love,
Composure all thy soul,
Thy heart, affections, mind above,
How sweet thy minutes roll!
- 3 No storms or tempests rage within,
The fire of hell subdued;

Conquer'd by truth thy ev'ry sin,
And all the man renew'd,

- 4 Look up, beloved soul, and see
What nameless glories rise,
The vast reward prepar'd for thee,
In yonder peaceful skies!

H Y M N CXIII.

Jesus precious to the Soul.

- 1 **O** HOLY Lord, thy name to me
Is dearer than my all;
Kingdoms I'd sacrifice to thee,
And at thy footstool fall.
- 2 Not worlds, nor all therein, can give
My soul substantial good;
But while on earth I'm bid to live,
I find my all in God.
- 3 Thy name is music to my ears,
Whene'er my soul's distress'd;
It calms my sorrows and my fears,
And sets my heart at rest.
- 4 Thy love to me for ever flows,
Thy truth my certain guide;
I rise above my fears and foes,
My wants are all supplied.
- 5 A song of praise to thee is due,
Eternal praise is thine;
Accept, thou holy, just and true,
This humble song of mine.

H Y M N CXCIV.

On the Divine Humanity.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, how have thy creatures
err'd!
How low their thoughts of thee!
Angels, by many, are prefer'd
To thy Humanity.
- 2 Some call thee prophet, some a son,
And others, man alone;
Some give thee honors, others none,
And some thy Godhead own.
- 3 But if a God allow'd to be,
Not the alone supreme;
But partner of the Deity;
And thus the dreamers dream.
- 4 But thou art God, and God alone,
In thy Humanity;
Before thee, Lord, no God was known,
Nor shall be after thee.
- 5 Thy human nature is divine,
Divine is human too;
Here God and man in one combine,
And not three Gods, nor two.
- 6 Thee we adore, eternal Lord,
In thy Humanity;
Who art the Father, Spirit, Word,
The only Deity!

H Y M N CXC.V.

The Humanity Glorified.

- 1 **T**HO' God our Saviour took our
form,
Our feeble dying clay;
He by his mighty pow'r divine,
The earthly put away.
- 2 The human, vile, impure, and gross,
No more, O Lord, is thine;
Thou didst by suff'rings, and the cross,
Thy human make divine.
- 3 A process this, none but the Lord
Can fully comprehend;
But we believe, as in thy word
That sacred truth is penn'd.
- 4 Thou art the only Deity,
Thy nature all divine;
In thy Divine Humanity,
The angels' God, and mine.

H Y M N CXC.VI.

On the same.

- 1 **F**ROM thy blest'd body radiant light
Beams forth in god-like rays,
A sun divine to angels sight,
Who on thy beauty gaze.
- 2 They joyful see thee as thou art,
Thy nameless glories view;
And unto them thou dost impart
Eternal glory too.

Q 2

3 O could

- 3 O could we all thy beauty see,
With an arch-angel's eye;
In thy Divine Humanity,
How should we long to fly!
- 4 To thee, and thee alone, be praise,
Below we taste thy love;
And soon thou wilt our spirits raise,
To see thy face above!

H Y M N CXCVII.

Our God in Human Form.

- 1 **O**UR Jesus is both God and Man,
In human form is he;
Tho' finite beings cannot scan
His vast infinity.
- 2 Why should we fear to say or sing,
Our God is Man alone,*
When to the heav'ns the sov'reign king
As God and Man is known?
- 3 Angels behold him as he is,
In human form divine,
While wisdom, love, and endless bliss,
From his blest'd body shine.
- 4 Jesus to angels thus made known,
They see the God they love;
In human form he fills the throne,
And all the heav'ns above.

5 This*

* By man alone, understand that God is the only man, strictly speaking, as all mankind are men from him, and not in themselves. See E. S.

- 5 This is the God our souls adore,
We glory in his name ;
And joyful will, from shore to shore,
His Deity proclaim.

H Y M N CXCVIII.

The Lord our Judge.

- 1 **T**HINK, O my soul, the solemn day
Is sure, and soon will come ;
When I must quit this house of clay,
And hear my final doom.
- 2 Before the wise all-knowing God
I quickly must be brought ;
Who knows my ev'ry way and word,
My ev'ry secret thought !
- 3 His nature is all holiness,
Almighty is his pow'r ;
How shall I stand before his face,
In that most solemn hour ?
- 4 If all my heart be vile within,
Unholy and impure,
In love of self, the world, and sin,
Can I that day endure ?
- 5 But if my heart and life be new,
Made holy through the word ;
With pleasing rapture I shall view
My holy Judge and Lord.

MMXII

H Y M N CXCIX.

*The Lord our only Hope here, and Portion
hereafter.*

- 1 **O**UR confidence and hope, O Lord,
Are fix'd on thee alone;
Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
That thou wilt sinners own.
- 2 Here storms and tempests daily lour,
And enemies assail;
But thou, dear Lord, our rock and tower,
Wilt o'er our foes prevail.
- 3 Infernal hosts, athirst for blood,
Against our souls combine;
Our hope is fix'd on thee, our God,
Thy pow'r is all divine.
- 4 We sail o'er rough tempestuous waves,
And long to gain the land;
Jesus is nigh, and ever saves,
By his almighty hand.
- 5 On him in troubles we rely,
He hears us when we call;
His mercy is for ever nigh,
He is our all in all.
- 6 Soon shall we gain the peaceful shore,
The land of endless rest;
Enjoy our God, his name adore,
And be completely blest.

HYMN

H Y M N CC.

The Lord's Care of his Saints.

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord, re-
joice,
And praise him with exalted voice;
We are his care, he will defend
From all that earth and hell intend.
- 2 Our souls he will in safety keep,
For he's the shepherd, we the sheep;
Tho' savage lions roar around,
In Jesus is our safety found.
- 3 Why should we fear the cruel bear,
Or for the serpent's poison care;
Jesus will all their rage subdue,
And make us more than conqu'rors too.
- 4 Let men and devils do their worst,
Still in Jehovah's name we'll trust;
He is our God, and doth engage
To save us from their utmost rage.
- 5 To his own care our souls are giv'n,
We shall be sav'd and rise to heav'n;
For saints to him are ever nigh,
And he'll defend them till they die.
- 6 Jesus, we give our all to thee,
Thou wilt our guide and portion be;
And unto thee we'll ever raise
The grateful song of love and praise.

H Y M N CCI.

Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.

- ★ **C**OME, brethren, let us strive to live,
As angels do above;
With tender pity each relieve,
And each abound in love.
- 2 Now God reveals his glorious name,
And brings his truth to light;
And love divine, with ardent flame,
Dispels the shades of night.
- 3 With balmy wing sweet peace descends,
And dwells with man again;
Now sacred truth her path attends,
And love and goodness reign.
- 4 Be ev'ry heart from hatred free,
In friendship all combin'd;
In peace and mutual unity,
And one in life and mind.
- 5 Each holy as the Lord is pure,
In ev'ry grace improve;
Faithful unto the end endure,
And walk in truth and love.
- 6 So shall we honor Jesu's word,
For better worlds prepare;
Soon rise above, live with the Lord,
In endless pleasure there.

H Y M N CCII.

Imitation of Jesus.

- 1 **O** GOD, my heavenly king,
My Saviour and my all,

To

To thee my ev'ry pow'r I bring,
And at thy footstool fall!

2 By thee I am supplied
With every good below;
Thou art my pattern and my guide,
In all the way I go.

3 Fain would I follow thee
Along the heav'nly way,
Whate'er my pains or conflicts be,
Or snares that devils lay.

4 Conform'd to all thy will,
When heavy crosses come,
I'll drink the cup, and fear no ill,
But hasten to my home.

5 My daily cross I'll wear,
Still trusting in thy aid;
Patient my ev'ry burden bear,
Nor will I be afraid.

6 In troubles thou art nigh,
And devils can't devour;
On thy rich mercy I rely,
And trust thy mighty pow'r.

H Y M N C C H I.

On the same.

I KNOW I must be pure,
A form of truth and love;
And faithful to the end endure,
If I would reign above.

2 Whate'er the process be,
Tho' painful and severe,

That makes me holy like to thee,
That I'll submissive bear.

3 Let inward sorrows come,
And outward tempests rise;
They will the sooner drive me home,
To yonder peaceful skies.

4 When in the garden tried,
And on the cursed tree,
Then quickly, Lord, was glorified
Thy blest'd Humanity.

5 So when our keenest pain,
And sharpest conflicts come,
Then let us sing, we soon shall reign;
Our souls are just at home.

6 Behold our sorrows end,
We stretch the wing and fly,
To worlds of peace and love ascend;
And bask in endless joy.

H Y M N CCIV.

On the same.

1 **B**UT yet, dear Lord, I see
I've something more to do;
'Tis to obey and follow thee,
In all that's good and true.

2 Thou didst the law fulfill,
And taught my soul the way;
If I would rise to Zion's hill,
I must thy laws obey.

3 Thou wilt the influx give,
Of love and truth divine,

That

That so I may, while here I live,
Make thy example mine !

4 The faith that works by love
Thou wilt to me impart,
Raise my affections all above,
And govern all my heart.

5 So will I follow thee,
Obey thy laws alone ;
At length thy great salvation see,
And share thy heavenly throne.

6 I own thee for my Lord,
I love thy holy ways ;
My heart and life in one accord,
To give thee endless praise.

H Y M N CCV.

On Psalm xviii. 46 to 50.

1 **J**EHOVAH lives, and be his name
By ev'ry heart ador'd !
From age to age he is the same,
The only God and Lord !

2 He is our rock when troubles rise,
And storms and tempests lour ;
He rides triumphant in the skies,
And saves us by his pow'r.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
We give Jehovah praise ;
Lift up our hearts, and holy songs
To our deliv'rer raise.

4 He saves from danger, death, and hell,
From fear, distress, and harm ;

and P

Makes

Makes ev'ry saint in safety dwell,
For mighty is his arm.

5 He rules o'er all the sons of pride;
Preserves us from their rage;
Subdues our foes, and on our side
His truth and love engage.

6 Great is the mercy we have found,
And great shall be our praise;
We'll spread his pow'r and mercy round,
And songs of honor raise.

H Y M N CCVI.

On the same.

1 JESUS, thou God of pow'r, arise,
And scatter all thy enemies;
Nor let thy servants be dismay'd,
Or of their haughty foes afraid.

2 Tho' thousands here beset us round,
Serpents and dragons vile abound;
Thou art our rock, and we shall stand
Secure in thy almighty hand.

3 Thou'lt save us from our foes within,
Our lust, our pride, self-love, and sin;
Influx of love and truth impart,
And rule alone in ev'ry heart.

4 We long, O Lord, we long to be
Holy and spotless like to thee;
In truth advance, in goodness grow,
And live as angels while below.

5 To thee be constant praises giv'n,
Thou hast invited us to heav'n;

Thou

Thou wilt our happy souls prepare,
To live in endless glory there.

H Y M N CCVII.

On Charity.

- 1 **O** CHARITY, thou heav'n-born
grace,
All tender, sweet, and kind;
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd.
- 2 The man of charity extends
To all his lib'ral hand;
His kindred, neighbour, foes or friends
His pity may command.
- 3 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, imprison'd, poor, and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find;
He loves to give relief.
- 5 But O, how mourns his feeling heart,
While men in sin delight,
From Jesus and his laws depart,
And sink in endless night.
- 6 Fain would he rescue these from woe,
So tender is his mind;
For all he prays, or friend or foe,
For like his Lord he's kind.

H Y M N CCVIII.

The xiiiith Chap. 1 Corinthians paraphrased.

- 1 **H**AD I all languages at will,
Did I possess an angel's skill;
If charity I cannot boast,
I'm but as sounding brass at most.
- 2 Had I the gift of prophecy,
Knew ev'ry heav'nly mystery,
By faith could mighty mountains move,
I'm nothing if I have not love.
- 3 Should I bestow my earthly store,
To feed the wretched starving poor;
Vain are the favours I may give,
If without charity I live.
- 4 Had I of zeal a wond'rous share,
And bonds and chastisements could bear,
Go to the stake and not complain,
Still without love this cross is vain.
- 5 Whate'er my gifts or virtues be,
If destitute of charity,
My heart and life are only vile,
And all within deceit and guile.

H Y M N CCIX.

On the same.

- 1 **T**RUE charity is ever kind,
And suffers with a patient mind;
She envies not the great and high,
Nor views the mean with scornful eye.
- 2 True charity is humble, mild,
And inoffensive as a child:

Not

- Not swell'd with pride above her race,
Nor boasting of her gifts or grace.
- 3 True charity seeks not her own,
Nor wants to live for self alone;
She ever seeks her neighbour's good,
And imitates her Saviour God.
- 4 True charity, of humble mein,
Tho' oft provok'd, is patient seen;
Affronts and insults see her bear,
While she repays her foes with prayer.
- 5 True charity thinks well of all,
And pities others when they fall;
But will not spread their faults around,
In such vile work she's never found.
- 6 True charity is fill'd with pain,
When wickedness and falsehood reign;
But still rejoices in the Word,
And loves the men who love the Lord.

H Y M N CCX.

On the same.

- 1 **T**RUE charity believes the best,
Nor hears, or passes by the rest;
Of all around her hopeth well,
Nor judgeth any man to hell.
- 2 Reproach and scorn she can sustain,
But can't return reproach again;
Tho' friends or foes may use her ill,
She prays for all, and loves them still.
- 3 True charity can never fail,
But will o'er time and death prevail:

R 2

When

When prophecies and tongues shall
cease,

The man of love shall live in peace,

4 Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
True charity is first in place;
And love to God and man will be
The ground of all felicity.

5 O charity, thou all divine,
For ever more mayst thou be mine;
Then shall I rise and live above,
Where all is charity and love.

H Y M N CCXI.

A Song of Praise.

1 **T**HE great Jehovah praise,
Who lives and reigns in heav'n;
The God of truth, and love, and grace,
To sinners giv'n!
Great is the Lord, the Lamb,
By holy fairs confess'd,
He is their Lord, their great I Am,
Ador'd and bless'd.

2 The sinner's friend proclaim,
Hell trembles at his rod;
The devils dread his awful name,
And own the God.
In him secure we stand,
Almighty is his pow'r;
Our rock thro' all the desert land,
Our shield and tow'r.

3 The dear Redeemer praise,
He all-sufficient is;

He'll

He'll guide us safely all our days;
 To worlds of bliss.
 The saint he calls his friend,
 He is the christian's God;
 Arch-angels at his footstool bend,
 And wait his nod.

- 4 He by himself can save;
 I on his strength depend;
 And when this earthly state I leave,
 I shall ascend:
 His face I then shall see,
 His dying love adore,
 And with my God my Saviour be
 For evermore.

H Y M N C CXII.

On the same.

- 1 **T**HO' earth and hell combine,
 I shall their pow'r withstand;
 My race I run thro' strength divine,
 At his command.
 Thro' all the croud I press,
 My heav'nly way pursue,
 And thro' the lonely wilderness,
 I Jesus view.
- 2 I see the happy land,
 Where peace and plenty reign;
 I run, I fly, at his command,
 That land to gain.
 In this bright world above,
 Is happiness divine;
 Thro' Jesu's grace, and wond'rous love,
 That land is mine.

- 3 Our great eternal king
In heav'n supremely reigns,
Angels and saints his praises sing,
In sweetest strains :
There all his people live,
Before his holy throne,
And all the joys a God can give,
Shall be their own.

H Y M N C CXIII.

On the same.

- 1 **B**EFORE th' eternal One
The ransom'd bride shall stand,
And tell what Christ her Lord hath
done,
Thro' all the land.
The list'ning hosts attend,
And swell the sounding fame ;
1 They sing, in songs which never end,
The Saviour's name.
- 2 Jesus, who reigns on high,
The happy spirits sing,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Almighty king !
Who down from heaven came,
A captive world to free,
Jehovah Jesus, great I Am,
We worship thee !
- 3 The ransom'd nations bow
Before th' eternal throne ;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God alone ;

Hail,

Hail, Abram's God, and mine,
 I join the heav'nly lays!
 All glory, honor, Lord, be thine;
 And endless praise!

H Y M N CCXIV.

On Isa. l. 10.

- 1 **A**RT thou in darkness, humble mind,
 And hast no cheering light?
 And dost thou walk as one that's blind,
 Or as in tenfold night?
- 2 Still in the Lord thy God confide,
 Depend upon his pow'r;
 Thro' gloomy night he'll be thy guide,
 And in thy darkest hour.
- 3 In him is all thy strength and stay,
 He keeps thy soul secure
 In all thy dark and dang'rous way,
 And his protection's sure.
- 4 Live then, ye tempted, in his fear,
 Obey your Saviour's voice;
 Nor dread your foes, tho' hosts appear,
 You surely shall rejoice.
- 5 He never did nor will forsake
 The souls that love his word;
 Then, tempted christian, courage take,
 And trust thy mighty Lord.
- 6 Tho' men and devils may surround,
 And sorrow's waves run high,
 In God the Lord thy help is found,
 The faithful shall not die.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXV.

On the same.

1. **I** FEAR thy holy name;
In love I would obey;
And yet how feeble is the flame!
How slothful in my way!
2. Around me all is night,
All darkness is my mind;
I wander destitute of light,
Nor can my Saviour find.
3. But O, I hear his voice,
He bids me trust his pow'r;
Kind is his word, and I rejoice
In this most gloomy hour.
4. He is my strength and stay,
I may on him depend;
He can protect me on my way,
He's an almighty friend.
5. The clouds begin to break,
I see my Saviour's face,
The cup of consolation take,
And triumph in his grace.

H Y M N CCXVI.

The Lord's Goodness flows even to Infernals.

1. **O** THAT I could exalt thy name
With an arch-angel's tongue;
Great God, I would thy love proclaim
With an immortal song.

- 2 For thou art holy, good, and kind,
Beyond all pow'r to tell;
Angels and men thy favor find,
Thy goodness flows to hell.
- 3 'Tis not in thee to curse with pain
The vilest devil there;
Gentle and good is all thy reign,
Infernals prove thy care.
- 4 Tho' they pervert and will abuse
The influx as it flows;
And ev'ry ray of goodness use,
To aggravate their woes.
- 5 So where the filthy dunghill lies,
There shine the solar beams;
And stench and putrefaction rise
In suffocating streams.
- 6 The thoughtless, vile, ungodly race,
To ev'ry vice inclin'd,
Pervert thy truth, despise thy grace,
And sure destruction find.
- 7 While those who give the heart to thee,
Thy love and truth improve,
Escape eternal misery,
And live in joys above.

H Y M N CCXVII.

The Christian's Conquest. Rev. xxi. 7.

- 1 **T**HE christian's call'd to fight,
And he must face his foes,
However great their might,
Or if all hell oppose.

The

- The dastard mind
 Shall gain no prize,
 Nor ever find
 Those better skies.
- 2 The christian too must gain
 The conquest over hell;
 Or he can never reign
 Where God and angels dwell.
 The coward name,
 That fears to fight,
 Shall sink in shame
 And endless night.
- 3 The man of God must rise
 Against his foes within,
 Those hateful enemies,
 Which prompt his soul to sin:
 These must be slain,
 Ere we can rise,
 Or ever gain
 Eternal joys.
- 4 Infernals in the heart
 Will all their power try;
 But 'tis the christian's part,
 To wound them till they die:
 Truth's shining sword
 With courage wield,
 And latent foes
 Must quit the field.
- 5 All self, and lust, and pride,
 All passion, anger, rage,
 Self-love, and all beside,
 That's vile, we must engage.

Nor

Nor let our foes
Within remain,
But nobly fight,
Till all be slain.

H Y M N CCXVIII.

On the same.

1 **S**HOULD hosts of devils here
Encircle us around,
We must not yield to fear,
But boldly stand our ground.
We must prevail
O'er all the host ;
Or if we fail,
The soul is lost.

2 Should persecutions come,
And tribulations rise ;
Still we must hasten home,
And press toward the skies ;
Go undismay'd
Along the road,
Nor be afraid,
But trust in God.

3 Should all the heavens lour,
And storms and tempests roll,
And stripp'd of help and pow'r,
The floods o'erwhelm the soul ;
Still we must stand,
Nor quit our ground ;
From Jesu's hand,
Help will be found.

4 If sinking, we must cry,
Our captain can but hear ;

That

That instant he will fly,
 And for our aid appear:
 He'll surely give
 The help we need,
 And we shall live
 From danger freed.

- 5 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice,
 Give up your souls to God;
 And make his ways your choice,
 He'll keep you in the road:
 You shall o'ercome,
 And all your foes
 Receive their doom
 To endless woes.

H Y M N CCXIX.

On the same.

- 1 **S**OON shall the conqu'ror share
 In heav'n his full reward;
 The palm of vict'ry bear,
 And triumph with his Lord.
 All joys divine
 Shall be his own,
 And he shall shine
 Upon his throne.
- 2 The God who reigns above,
 Will own him for his son;
 Give the reward of love,
 Soon as his warfare's done.
 In peace and rest
 He shall remain,
 For ever bless'd,
 For ever reign.

3 Then

- 3 Then rise, my soul, arise,
And urge thy heav'nly way,
Press onward to the skies,
Nor fear to win the day:
God is thy aid,
Thou shalt not die;
Be not afraid,
Thy crown is nigh,

- 4 Let foes of ev'ry kind
Assail me as I go;
I'll gird up all my mind,
And boldly face the foe:
I'll nobly fight,
The vict'ry gain;
Then rise to light,
And ever reign.

H Y M N CCXX.

On Psalm lxxxiii. according to the internal Sense.

- 1 SEE the infernal hosts arise,
And all their pow'r employ;
They dare the God who rules the skies,
And would his church destroy.
- 2 Against the Lord behold their hate,
How violent their rage;
Tumults and tempests they create,
And dare the heav'ns engage.
- 3 With crafty counsel they conspire
Against the church of God;
Eager to gain their base desire,
And thirsting for her blood.

S

4 "Come

- 4 "Come let us cut them off," they cry,
 "And blot out all their name;
 "Zion, the hated seed, shall die,
 "And sink in endless shame."
- 5 And lo! with tenfold fury they
 Against the Saviour cry,
 Thirsting to make the Lord their prey,
 In his Humanity.
- 6 O could they here their end obtain,
 And conquer him who bled;
 The church must sink in endless pain,
 And perish with her Head.
- 7 But ah! ye angry boasting foes,
 Our Saviour is your God;
 He can transfix you deep in woes,
 With his almighty rod.

H Y M N CCXXL

On the same.

- 1 JEHOVAH rises in his might,
 The foes of Zion fly
 To their own shades of death and night,
 And all their projects die.
- 2 Down from the heav'ns their fancymade,
 Exalted in their pride;
 In endless night and darkest shade,
 The black infernals hide.
- 3 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 Your foes are thunder'd down,
 By your Jehovah's potent word,
 They sink beneath his frown.

4 Con-

- 4 Confusion, deep dismay, and shame,
 Shall sit on ev'ry face;
 And ev'ry devil's hated name
 Be lost in long disgrace!
- 5 That men may know the God above
 Possesseth boundless might;
 And heav'n and earth, and hell shall
 prove,
 That all his ways are right.
- 6 That he the great Jehovah is,
 The high and lofty One,
 Who fills the throne in worlds of bliss,
 The Lord our God alone.

H Y M N CCXXII.

Sighing for Heaven.

- 1 **O** COULD I soar to worlds above,
 That blessed state of peace and love,
 How gladly would I mount on high,
 Bid welcome death, and joyful fly!
- 2 But ah! still longer must I stay,
 Ere darksome night is chang'd to day;
 More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
 Subject to trials, pains, and care.
- 3 Well, let these troubles still abound,
 And thorns and briers fill the ground;
 Let storms and tempests dreadful come,
 Till I arrive at heav'n my home.
- 4 My Father knows what road is best,
 And how to lead to peace and rest;
 To him I cheerful give my all,
 Go where he leads, and wait his call.

- 5 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay;
With rapt'rous joy I'll mount and rise,
And join my friends above the skies.

H Y M N CCXXIII.

For the Success of the New Church.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, Lord of truth divine,
Thy word of grace proclaim;
O may it spread from pole to pole,
Till all shall know thy name!
- 2 Bid infestators distant fly,
That men may be inclin'd
To hear thy new-discover'd grace
With an exulting mind.
- 3 Prosper the labors of our hands
To spread thy truth abroad;
May ev'ry weak attempt promote
The knowledge of our God.
- 4 Inspire us with a holy zeal,
To see thy Salem stand,
The pride and glory of the earth,
In ev'ry distant land.
- 5 Go forth, bless'd Lord, in all thy pow'r,
The distant nations bring;
In thy own kingdom may they stand,
And own their God and King.
- 6 One gen'ral chorus then shall rise
From men of ev'ry tongue;
And songs of joy salute the skies,
By ev'ry nation sung.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXXIV.

*Glorification of the Lord. Dan. ii. 43, 44.
See Univ. Theol. n. 625.*

- 1 **T**HOU sawest iron mix'd
With clay of mity kind;
But each to other shall not cleave,
They cannot be conjoin'd.
- 2 And in those days the Lord,
The God of heav'n shall raise
A kingdom ne'er to be destroy'd,
A kingdom for his praise,
- 3 In pieces it shall break
These other kingdoms all;
It shall consume them,—but itself
Shall stand, and never fall.

H Y M N CCXXV.

Song of Praise.

- 1 **N**OW to our God a song of praise,
For holy is his name;
Gracious and true are all his ways,
We will his love proclaim.
- 2 See from his throne divinely flow
His heav'nly truth and love;
Now we his great salvation know,
His richest mercy prove.
- 3 He is the Lord, our only God,
He comes to men again;
His truth and love are spread abroad,
And glorious is his reign.

- 4 Jesus, thou hast to us made known
The doctrines of thy word;
Thou art our Saviour God alone,
We know no other Lord.
- 5 To thee our songs of praise arise,
Thou wilt accept our lays;
And as to purer states we rise,
We'll give thee purer praise.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

On Psalm xviii. last 8 Verses, according to E. 9.

- 1 JESUS hath conquer'd earth and hell,
Heathens shall know the Lord;
Strangers the Saviour's goodness tell,
And joyful own his word.
- 2 Soon as they hear will they obey,
And to the Lord submit;
While all his foes shall fade away,
And sink beneath his feet.
- 3 Tho' long conceal'd in shades of night,
They thought themselves secure;
Now shall they all be brought to light,
And just rewards endure.
- 4 The church shall celebrate her God,
In pious songs of praise;
Proclaim his love and truth abroad,
In sweet celestial lays.

H Y M N CCXXVII:

On the same.

- 1 JEHOVAH lives, my rock divine,
And blessed be his name;

His

His great salvation now is mine,
And I'll exalt his fame.

- 2 'Tis God the Lord avengeth me
Of ev'ry envious foe,
Subdues their heart, and sets me free
From sorrow, sin, and woe.
- 3 He kindly lifts me up above
Those that against me rise;
Preserves me safe by pow'r and love,
From all my enemies.
- 4 To thee, O Lord, I joyful give
The thankful tribute due;
Amongst the heathen, while I live,
I'll sing thy praises too.
- 5 Great is the Lord, his arm is strong,
His mercy all divine;
To thee, my God, I raise the song,
And be the glory thine.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

On Psalm xix. according to E. S.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
The firmament above
Proclaims the glories of thy word,
The wonders of thy love.
- 2 Thy truth shall spread on ev'ry hand;
In heav'n and earth be known;
Thy holy church for ever stand,
Eternal as thy throne.
- 3 Thy truth is wisdom, and shall raise
Thy sons to perfect light;

Teach them thy holy name to praise,
And worship thee aright.

- 4 Thy word is pure and all divine,
It makes the simple wise;
It's beams of heav'nly glory shine
To our astonish'd eyes.
- 5 Thy word shall be my only guide,
It's wonders I'll explore;
And while in truth I can confide,
It's author I'll adore.

H Y M N CCXXIX.

Celebration of the Lord, from Isaiah xii.

- 1 **T**HE joyful happy day appears,
Jehovah dries his Zion's tears;
He comes to bless the humble race,
And shew the wonders of his grace.
- 2 Great God, my praise shall rise to thee,
Thy seeming anger's turn'd from me;
My comforts now thou wilt restore,
And weeping Zion weep no more.
- 3 Behold our God, the mighty God,
Who spread the num'rous worlds abroad,
Is our salvation; we rejoice,
And praise his name with cheerful voice.
- 4 We'll trust in him, nor be afraid,
Jehovah is our fortress made;
He is our strength, his arm is strong,
And we'll exalt him in our song.
- 5 Wells of salvation open stand,
And living waters bless the land;
And

And while we draw, with joys divine,
Our grateful praises, Lord, are thine.

H Y M N CCXXX.

On the same.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, adore his name,
Declare his love, his truth proclaim;
Be it to ev'ry nation known,
Jesus is God, and God alone.
- 2 Thy honor and thy name we sing,
To thee, great God, our tribute bring;
The wond'rous works which thou hast
done,
Shall soon be known from sun to sun.
- 3 Now for a shout of sacred joy,
Zion, thy heart and voice employ;
Great is the Lord, he dwells in thee,
And great Jehovah's praise must be.
- 4 Hosanna to thy name, O Lord,
Thy love and goodness we record;
We join the angel hosts above,
And praise Jehovah, God of love.

H Y M N CCXXXI.

Celebration of the Lord, from Zeph. iii.

14 to 17.

- 1 **C**OME Zion's daughter, shout and sing,
Israel, thy thankful praises bring,
Jerusalem, lift up thy voice,
And heaven and earth in God rejoice.
- 2 The Lord Jehovah, mighty God,
Removes the judgments of his rod;
Casts

- Casts out our ev'ry hurtful foe,
And doth his great salvation shew.
- 3 The King of Israel, Christ the Lord,
Doth in his church his name record;
Her faithful sons shall faint no more,
But rise to joy, and God adore.
- 4 The Lord our God in Zion dwells,
Subdues for us the raging hells;
Our God will save, his arm is strong,
And his salvation is our song.
- 5 Jesus in Zion will rejoice,
Zion the object of his choice;
O Zion, richly thou art bless'd,
Thy God with thee will ever rest.
- 6 To God the Lord be praises giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n;
Our souls the joyful chorus join,
To give Jehovah praise divine.

H Y M N CCXXXII.

Psalm xxxiii. 1 to 4, according to the internal Sense.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
Ye upright, praise his name;
With heart and voice his love record,
And celebrate his fame.
- 2 Let instruments of music join,
The harp of silver string,
The psaltery and the song divine,
While we exalt our King.
- 3 New be the song, and sweet the sound,
With wisdom in the praise;

Each

Each heart and voice in tune be found,
And heav'nly be the lays.

- 4 For right and good is Jesu's word,
His ways are truth and love;
And be his holy name ador'd
In earth and heav'n above.
- 5 Hosanna to thy dear-lov'd name,
Our Saviour, God, and Friend,
While we have tongues to speak thy fame,
Our songs shall never end.

H Y M N CCXXXIII:

Psalm xxxiv. 1 to 5.

- 1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day,
My mouth shall speak his praise;
The humble soul shall hear my lay,
And songs of glory raise.
- 2 In thee, O Lord, we make our boast,
We magnify thy name;
Assist us all ye heav'nly host,
To speak Jehovah's fame.
- 3 We sought the Lord, he heard our
prayers,
And great deliv'rance wrought;
He scatter'd all our doubts and fears,
And full salvation brought.
- 4 To him we look'd in our distress,
He gave us heav'nly light;
Praise ye the Lord, his pow'r confess,
He puts our foes to flight.
- 5 Jesus, we own thy sov'reign name,
We love thy righteous ways;

Thou

Thou will not let us sink in shame,
While we exalt thy praise.

H Y M N CCXXXIV.

On the same Psalm, 7 to 11.

1 **A**NGELS of God encamp around
The men who fear the Lord;
In Jesus our defence is found,
And be his name ador'd.

2 Come taste and see the Lord is kind,
For ever bless'd are they
Who trust in him with stedfast mind,
And his commands obey.

3 Jesus will never let us want,
While living in his fear;
But all that's good in mercy grant,
And for our help appear.

4 O taste and see the Saviour's love,
Ye happy souls rejoice;
Let songs of praise ascend above,
With an united voice.

5 The Lord redeems our souls from death,
He raises us to heaven;
And while we've heart, and tongue, and
breath,
To him shall praise be giv'n.

H Y M N CCXXXV.

Psalm xlvii. 1 to 4.

1 **O**CLAP your hands, ye people all,
And shout with cheerful voice;
In Jesus boast, he's God of all,
In him will we rejoice.

- 2 Jehovah is the Lord most high,
How holy is his name!
Sinners before his presence die,
His foes are cloth'd with shame.
- 3 People and nations he subdues,
They fall before his feet;
And all who truth and love refuse,
Must awful judgment meet.
- 4 Falses and evils he removes,
In his own church he reigns;
Zion restor'd, his goodness proves,
Praise him in lofty strains.

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

Psalm xlvii. 5 to 9.

- 1 JEHOVAH will our portion be,
His sons are his delight;
His church he will from darkness free,
And give her heav'nly light.
- 2 God is come up with shouts of joy,
With trumpet's cheerful sound;
And be the Lord exalted high,
With songs of honor crown'd.
- 3 Sing praises, brethren, praises sing,
Sing praises to our God;
Sing praises to our heav'nly King,
And spread his fame abroad.
- 4 O'er all the church Jehovah reigns,
The pow'r is his alone;
Praise him in everlasting strains,
He sits upon his throne.

T

5 The

- 5 The heav'ns and earth confels his sway,
Exalted be the Lord;
Jehovah Jesus we'll obey,
And be our God ador'd.

H Y M N CCXXXVII.

On Psalm lxviii. 1 to 4.

- 1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,
And put his daring foes to flight!
The hells shall tremble at his word,
And heav'n and earth confels the Lord.
- 2 Protected by his potent hand,
Safe and secure his people stand;
With gladness they his name confels,
And glory in his holiness.
- 3 The men that hate the Lord shall fly
As smoke that's driven in the sky;
As wax by fire consumes away,
So shall they perish and decay.
- 4 But they who love the Lord shall rise,
And praise the God who rules the skies;
His truth, his pow'r, and goodness own,
In songs of joy before his throne.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

On Psalm lxviii. 20, 21, 26, 32, 33.

- 1 **G**OD is our shield, and he will
wound
Our foes, and cast them to the ground;
2 Save

Save us from all their cruel rage,
And for his church his pow'r engage.

- 2 Issues from death to God belong,
Our God will save, his hand is strong ;
Exulting we will blefs the Lord,
And in his house his love record.
- 3 Ascribe ye strength to Israel's God,
His word becomes an iron rod,
To make his stubborn foes submit,
And fall reluctant at his feet.
- 4 To him that sits in heav'n above,
The God of pow'r, and God of love,
Be everlasting praises giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

H Y M N CCXXXIX.

Psalms. lxxv. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10.

- 1 JESUS is come, his church to raise,
Her ruins to repair ;
Tender and kind are all his ways,
And Zion is his care.
- 2 Let not the wicked boast with pride,
Their judgment is at hand ;
Jehovah's foes will be destroy'd,
And perish from the land.
- 3 God is the judge, he bringeth down
The wicked, but will raise
The good to honor and renown,
The good shall sing his praise.
- 4 Falses and evils will destroy
The wicked stubborn race;

But righteous men shall sing with joy,
And see their Saviour's face.

H Y M N CCXL.

Psalms lxxvi. 1 to 4.

- 1 **I**N Judah God is known,
In Israel he is great;
In Salem is his holy throne,
And Zion is his seat.
- 2 He will his church defend
From false and evil too;
From all their haughty foes intend,
And all that hell can do.
- 3 From arrows of the bow,
From the devouring sword;
From all the darts infernals throw,
Thou wilt defend us, Lord.
- 4 Vow to the Lord, and pay
The sacrifice of praise;
Jesus our God will we obey,
And songs of glory raise.
- 5 Thou oughtest to be fear'd,
Salvation is from thee;
And be thy holy name rever'd
Thro' all eternity.

H Y M N CCXLI.

On Psalm xevi. 1 to 4.

YE happy church, arise and sing
The song of joy and love.

- To our almighty Lord and King,
Who rules o'er all above;
- 2 We'll bless his name in joyful strains,
And sacred songs prepare;
From day to day salvation reigns,
He makes his church his care,
- 3 His boundless glory we'll proclaim,
The wonders he hath done;
So shall the people hear his name
Declar'd from sun to sun.
- 4 The Lord our God is great and high,
And greatly to be prais'd;
Exalt the Lord with holy joy,
And be his honor rais'd.

H Y M N CXXII.

Psalm xcvi. 5 to 7.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH stretch'd the heav'ns
abroad,
The universe he made;
He is the true and living God,
In majesty array'd.
- 2 The idol gods must sink and fall,
Tho' long by men ador'd;
Jesus is God, and rules o'er all,
The universal Lord.
- 3 All pow'r and glory are his own,
Gave honor to the Lord;
Beauty and strength adorn his throne,
And holy is his word.

- 4 Ye people, to Jehovah give
All glory, honor, praise;
With heart and voices, while we live,
We'll hallelujahs raise.

H Y M N CCXLIII.

Psalms xcvi. 8 to 13.

- 1 **T**O thee, our God, is glory due,
We bring our offerings, Lord;
Thou wise and holy, just and true,
By us thou art ador'd.
- 2 We'll worship thee in holiness,
With reverential fear;
With solemn praise thy name address,
And in thy courts appear.
- 3 The Lord Jehovah glorious reigns,
The heav'ns in anthems ring;
The church is glad, and joyful strains
Shall celebrate our King.
- 4 The fields are clad in cheerful green,
The fruitful trees rejoice;
On ev'ry face be pleasure seen,
And praise in ev'ry voice.
- 5 We join the universal song,
Our hearts and tongues employ;
In his New Church is Jesus sung,
And boundless be the joy.

H Y M N CCXLIV.

On Psalm xcvi. 1, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And let the church be glad;
Our

Our God his pow'r maintains,
In robes of glory clad;
Exalt the Lord,
Make known his love,
He is ador'd
By all above.

- 2 Zion with gladness hears,
Judah exults with joy,
Because the Lord appears,
And foes cannot destroy.
He will defend
His church from all
Her numerous foes
That seek her fall.

- 3 The Lord our God is high
Above the earth or heav'n;
His aid is ever nigh,
Protection will be giv'n.
The Lord exalt,
All gods above,
His nature and
His name is Love.

- 4 He will preserve his saints,
That love his holy name,
From sorrows and complaints,
From fears, and foes, and shame.
Gladness and light
For those are sown,
Who walk upright
Before his throne.

- 5 Rejoice, ye righteous race,
Rejoice in God your Lord;
And

And magnify his grace,
His wond'rous love record,
Thanksgiving, praise,
And songs of love,
We joyful raise
To God above.

H Y M N CCXLV.

On Psalm xcvi. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT songs to Jesus sing,
Be new the notes we raise;
Our God is an almighty King,
And wond'rous are his ways.
- 2 His human essence glorified,
His mighty pow'r's display'd;
From him his enemies would hide,
His foes are all afraid.
- 3 His own right hand and holy arm
Hath glorious vict'ry won;
His foes behold, with dread alarm,
The wonders he hath done.
- 4 Now his salvation's spread abroad,
The heathen see his hand;
The truth and mercy of our God
Are known from land to land.
- 5 The prophecies are brought to light,
The Lord fulfils his word;
We will adore his pow'r and might,
Hosanna to the Lord!

HYMN

H Y M N CCXLVI.

On Psalm xcvi. 4, 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **W**E celebrate thy dear-lov'd name,
Our Saviour, God, and King;
With joyful tongues thy pow'r proclaim,
And thy salvation sing.
- 2 Let seas, and floods, and worlds con-
spire
To celebrate his praise;
And all the church with holy fire
Jehovah's honor raise.
- 3 He comes to judge in righteousness,
We hail thy coming, Lord;
Thy faithful servants thou wilt bless,
And be thy name ador'd!

H Y M N CCXLVII.

On Psalm xcix.

- 1 **L**ET sinners tremble, Jesus reigns,
And holy is his word;
Be humbled ye whose sin remains,
And fear the mighty Lord.
- 2 Jesus our Lord in Zion dwells,
Our God is great and high;
The Lord subdues the angry hells,
His stubborn foes must die.
- 3 Justice and pow'r to God belong,
To him be worship paid;
He aids the weak, and makes them
strong,
Where'er their foes invade.

4 The

4 The word of truth from him is giv'n,
His statutes all are sure;
His ordinances firm as heav'n,
And will as heav'n endure.

5 In him is our redemption found,
Exalt him in your voice;
In songs of praise his goodness sound,
And in his name rejoice.

H Y M N CCXLVIII.

On Psalm cxiii. 4, 5, 6.

1 **T**HE Lord our God is high,
Dominion is his own;
In vain the sons of men may try
To make his glory known.

2 Who can with God compare?
Or who is like the Lord?
Not man or highest angel dare
Oppose his awful word.

3 But we'll adore his name,
With all the pow'rs we boast;
From heav'n the great Jehovah came
To seek and save the lost.

4 Come bless the Lord, my soul,
Ye men and angels join
To spread his praise from pole to pole,
For mercy so divine.

H Y M N CCXLIX.

On Psalm cxiii. 7, 8, 9.

1 **T**HE Lord our God will save
The poor and humble mind;
He

He raises finners from the grave,
The lost salvation find.

2 From dust and dunghills he
Exalts the wretched race;
From death and hell he sets them free,
By his almighty grace.

3 With kings and princes rais'd,
With ev'ry honor blest'd,
And led by mercy in the way
To heav'n and endless rest.

4 Now shall the church rejoice,
A joyful mother prove;
And all her children raise the voice,
To sing Jehovah's love.

5 Praise ye the God of love,
His holy name adore;
Join all below, and all above,
In praise for evermore!

H Y M N CCL.

A Song of Universal Praise. Part 1st.

1 COME sing his praise, all nature rise,
Whatever is beneath the skies,
Earth, water, air, exalt his name,
And all your hosts his praise proclaim.

2 Reptiles that on the surface creep,
Fossils that in it's bosom sleep;
While silent ye, or rest, or move,
Praise ye the mighty God above.

3 Ye seas and rivers, fountains, rills,
And whatsoe'er your bosom fills,

Fishes

Fishes of ev'ry kind, declare
The God who fix'd your station there.

- 4 Ye herbs and flow'rs, and meaner weeds,
Grass, corn, and grain of diff'rent seeds,
Give praise to him who makes you grow
In all your various forms below.

H Y M N CCLI.

Part 2d.

- 5 **Y**E lofty trees of ev'ry size,
Whose tow'ring heads salute the
skies;
Or such as form an humble shade,
Or those in constant green array'd :
- 6 Whate'er your make, or use, or name,
Jehovah's boundless pow'r proclaim;
In ev'ry correspondence raise
Perpetual songs of sweetest praise.
- 7 Ye winds and vapours, rain and hail,
Ye angry storms when ye prevail;
Ye loaded clouds with fleecy snow,
And hoary rugged frost below :
- 8 With cattle, beasts of ev'ry kind,
And feather'd tribe that wing the wind,
Exalt the Lord in various ways,
And give to him unceasing praise.

H Y M N CCLII.

Part 3d.

- 9 **Y**E stars, and moons, and ev'ry sun,
Or fix'd, or as you circuit run;
Comets

- Comets that fiercely blaze on high,
And all the hosts that rule the sky.
- 10 Glow ye to your Jehovah's name,
And round the worlds far spread his
fame;
Let universal nature join,
To raise the song of praise divine.
- 11 'Tis done, all nature speaks his praise,
Man hears the universal lays;
But man the least propense to sing,
Unmov'd, can hear them praise his
King.
- 12 Come babes and sucklings, and rejoice,
Lisp Jesu's praise in artless voice;
By men of ev'ry clime and tongue,
Be Jesu's name with rapture sung.
- 13 The gen'ral praise ye christians join,
Unite your hearts in notes divine;
Your voices raise with one accord,
And nature aid to praise the Lord.

H Y M N CCLIII.

Part 4th.

- 14 JERUSALEM, arise and sing,
In highest strains, to God your king;
'Tis your's to give the purest lays,
'Tis your's the noblest songs to raise.
- 15 You are his church, his chosen bride,
With you Jehovah doth reside:
'Tis you his richest favors prove,
And you must sing the song of love.

U

16 Come

- 16 Come sound his holy name abroad,
 Hosanna to our Saviour God;
 All glory, pow'r, and praise be giv'n
 By the New Church in earth and
 heav'n.
- 17 Ye holy angels all above,
 Come join our song of joy and love;
 One universal chorus raise,
 And earth and heav'n resound his praise
- 18 To Jesus, Lord and God alone,
 Who reigns on heav'n's eternal throne,
 Be glory, pow'r, and honor sung
 By ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue.

H Y M N CCLIV.

On Psalm cxlv. 1 to 8.

- 1 **T**HY Name we extol, Jehovah our
 King,
 For ever in thee we'll triumph and sing;
 From morning to ev'ning thy goodness
 we'll praise,
 And while we have being thy honor
 we'll raise.
- 2 How great is the Lord! no tongue can
 make known
 The infinite God, eternal his throne;
 And great be his praises, by all be they
 giv'n,
 By men and by angels, on earth and in
 heav'n.

3 The

- 3 The works of his hand declare his vast
might,
His terrible acts are holy and right;
His truth and his justice are seen in his
ways,
And his mighty wonders demand highest
praise.
- 4 His goodness and truth, how rich do they
prove!
No anger he bears, his nature is love;
To all he is tender, and good doth im-
part:
To him will we render the praise of the
heart.

H Y M N CCLV.

On Psalm cxlv. 10 to 13.

- 1 **A**LL angels bless'd above,
And happy spirits there,
Sing of Jehovah's boundless love,
His mercy they declare.
- 2 The kingdom he hath rais'd,
The holy angels sing;
The glory, power, and love are prais'd,
Of their almighty King.
- 3 To men are now made known
The glories of the Lord;
And men shall bow before the throne,
And Jesus be ador'd.
- 4 His kingdom now must stand
Eternal ages sure;

It is the work of Jesu's hand,
And ever shall endure.

- 5 Praise ye the holy Lord,
Who in his church are found;
The honors of your God record,
While angels aid the sound.

H Y M N CCLVI.

On Psalm cxlv. 14 to 17.

- 1 **O**UR Jesus is divinely kind,
The lost he will restore;
He raises up the humble mind,
He elevates the poor.
- 2 To heav'nly truth and good he leads
The wretched starving race,
The hungry mind he richly feeds,
For free is Jesu's grace.
- 3 The poor and dying sinners live,
By Jesu's mercy bless'd;
And every good his hand will give,
Till rais'd to endless rest.
- 4 The Lord's a God of love divine,
And blessed be his name;
His goodness, truth, and love are mine,
And I'll exalt his fame.

H Y M N CCLVII.

On Psalm cxlv. 18 to 21.

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is ever nigh
To those that for his mercy cry;
And all who seek in truth, shall find,
The Lord is ever good and kind.

2 The

- 2 The men that fear and love the Lord,
Trust in his name, and keep his word ;
These he preserves from ev'ry foe,
And guides them all their way below.
- 3 But wicked men who love refuse,
And Jesu's holy laws abuse ;
They perish in their evil ways,
And scarcely live out half their days.
- 4 Glory to God, he's good and kind,
In him our souls salvation find ;
By him redeem'd, we'll bless his name,
And joyful his vast love proclaim.

H Y M N CCLVIII.

On Psalm cxlvi.

- 1 **V**AIN are the men who princes trust,
In them no help is found ;
Princes and nobles are but dust,
Tho' with high honors crown'd.
- 2 Their honors, riches, name, and pow'r,
Are airy, fleeting toys ;
Their pleasures perish in an hour,
And gone are all their joys.
- 3 Be Jacob's God our help and aid,
Almighty is his arm ;
The heav'ns and earth and seas he made,
He can defend from harm.
- 4 He feeds the hungry, and supplies
With ev'ry good we need ;
He makes the ign'rant truly wise,
By him the bound are freed.

- 5 The stranger and the fatherless,
Orphans and widows prove
The wonders of his truth and grace,
The blessings of his love.
- 6 To endless ages Jesus reigns,
His kingdom knows no end;
Praise ye the Lord in joyful strains,
He is our sov'reign Friend.

H Y M N CCLIX.

On Psalm cxlvii. 1 to 3.

- T**IS good to praise Jehovah's name,
And of his mercy sing;
To speak of his eternal fame,
And celebrate our King.
- 2 Sweet is the work to sing and tell
The goodness of the Lord;
How we by love are rais'd from hell,
And by the truth restor'd.
 - 3 'Tis pleasant to exalt our God,
Who gathers outcasts in;
And sends his love and truth abroad,
To heal the plague of sin.
 - 4 The broken heart of deepest wound
The Lord in mercy heals;
Makes dying sinners strong and sound,
And for the wretched feels.
 - 5 Sing to the Lord, his love declare,
My voice shall gladly join;
He saves our souls, we are his care,
His mercy is divine.

H Y M N CCLX.

On Psalm cxlvii. 5, 6, 8, 9, 12.

- 1 **N**ONE but the Lord can save,
Almighty is his pow'r;
'Tis he can raise us from the grave,
In that most solemn hour.
- 2 None but the Lord can give
The mercies that we need;
By him redeem'd, anew we live,
From sin and Satan freed.
- 3 He makes the simple wise,
The Lord instructs the poor;
And those who heav'nly wisdom prize,
May ask, and still have more.
- 4 He ev'ry good bestows
To all that will apply;
Freely his tender mercy flows,
And sinners need not die.
- 5 O Zion praise the Lord,
Jerusalem make known
The wonders of his holy word,
And worship at his throne.

H Y M N CCLXI.

On Psalm c. 1. to 5.

- 1 **C**OME serve the Lord with love and
joy,
And in his presence sing;
Cheerful your hearts and tongues em-
ploy,
The Lord alone is King.

2 He

- 2 He forms his church by power divine,
The work is all his own;
Let us in holy praises join
To God the Lord alone.
- 3 The holy gates we enter in,
And in his kingdom stand;
Releas'd from foes, and sav'd from sin,
By his almighty hand.
- 4 Ye sons of Zion rise and sing,
Who in his pastures feed;
Give praises to your sov'reign King,
For he is God indeed.
- 5 We are his people, and his sheep,
Our Shepherd is the Lord;
He will our souls in safety keep,
And be his name ador'd.

H Y M N CCLXII.

Psaln ciii. 1 to 5.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the God of love,
Who rules o'er all in heav'n above;
His great and holy name adore,
In songs of joy for ever more.
- 2 'Tis he redeems us from the grave,
For none but God hath pow'r to save;
Sins he removes, and sets us free
From wounds and death, and misery.
- 3 The loving-kindness of the Lord,
Our tongues with rapture shall record;
Our lives redeem'd by pow'r divine,
Those lives be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Jesus

- 4 Jesus distributes ev'ry good,
 Add fills our mouths with heav'nly food;
 Our strength renew'd, with eagle's wing,
 We mount to heav'n, and praise our
 King.

H Y M N CCLXIII.

Psalm ciii. 5 to 17.

- 1 JUSTICE and judgment, truth and
 love,
 From God th' oppressed find,
 And humble souls shall surely prove,
 That Jesus will be kind.
- 2 Our days are grass, or as the flower,
 And as the grass decay;
 But he preserves us ev'ry hour,
 And lengthens out our day.
- 3 He knows our brittle feeble frame,
 That dying frame renews,
 That we may seek his holy name,
 And paths of goodness choose.
- 4 The tender father spares his son,
 He feels his pity move;
 So God forgives the ills we've done,
 And still bestows his love.
- 5 O bless the Lord, my soul, and give
 The praise so justly due;
 And when I'm call'd above to live,
 I'll praise as angels do.

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXIV.

Pſalm cxii. 1 and 7.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the men who love the
ways
Of our Redeemer God;
Keep his commandments all their days,
And run the heav'nly road.
- 2 The law of God is their delight,
His statutes they attend;
These are in safety day and night,
For Jesus is their Friend.
- 3 No evil tidings do they fear,
But trust in Jesu's word;
When dangers rise, or foes are near,
They lean upon the Lord.
- 4 On thee, great God, will we rely,
Thou wilt in safety keep;
And when a host of foes are nigh,
Protect thy helpless sheep.
- 5 Praise ye the Lord, my soul shall join
In work so sweet as this;
Jesus protects by pow'r divine,
And leads us safe to bliss.

H Y M N CCLXV.

On Pſalm cxii. 3 and 4.

- 1 **W**HEN upright souls in darkness
dwell,
And all is gloomy night,
Temptations rise, and hosts of hell,
Like clouds, obstruct the light.

2 Jeho-

- 2 Jehovah knows their mournful hour,
Their darkness and their grief;
His deep compassion and his pow'r
Soon give the wish'd relief.
- 3 Mercy and love inspire the breast
Of ev'ry righteous mind;
Happy to see their neighbour bless'd,
And like their Saviour kind.
- 4 Riches and wealth their portion prove,
Their house divinely stor'd
With truth and goodness, peace and
love,
The blessings of the Lord.
- 5 The righteous man shall surely stand
Secure in Jesu's ways;
Return with songs to Zion's land,
And sing Jehovah's praise.

H Y M N CCLXVI.

On Psalm cxxxii. 13, 14, 15, 18.

- 1 **I**N Zion Jesus dwells,
What have we then to fear?
Not all the envious hells,
The Lord our God is here.
Zion is safe
In Jesu's hand,
Secure from foes
The church shall stand.
- 2 Zion is Jesu's choice,
His holy happy bride;
He doth in her rejoice,
With her he will reside:

Here

Here will the Lord
Take up his rest,
And Zion is
Divinely blest'd.

- 3 He satisfies the poor
With living wine and bread;
Abundant is the store,
With plenty are they fed:
Hunger and want
They never know,
Thro' all the way
They're call'd to go.
- 4 With truth and righteousness,
With love and goodness crown'd;
And every gift and grace
In Zion shall be found.
Her sons rejoice,
Her daughters sing,
And join the voice,
To praise their King.
- 5 On our Jehovah's head
The glorious crown shall rest;
His church to heaven led,
Shall hail their Conqu'ror blest'd:
Adore his name,
Exalt his love,
And sound his fame
In worlds above.

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXVII.

*Praise to the Lord for the Blessings of his
New Kingdom.*

- 1 **T**O thee alone, my God and Friend,
Are due all praise and love:
To thee my thankful songs ascend,
Since I thy mercy prove.
- 2 Thou hast made known thy word to me,
For me thy servant *giv'n;
That truth alone my guide may be
To happiness and heav'n.
- 3 Now I behold thee come again,
In thy own holy word,
To raise thy kingdom; glorious reign,
As universal Lord.
- 4 I hail thee welcome to my heart,
Thou God of love divine;
My portion and my life thou art,
And be the glory thine.

H Y M N CCLXVIII.

On Psalm xxiii. 1, 2.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
And ev'ry good will grant;
The heav'ns and all therein are his,
And I shall never want.
- 2 In pastures green and fair,
He makes my spirit rest;

X **Preserve**

* E. Swedenborg.

Preserves me safe from ev'ry snare,
And I'm divinely bless'd.

3 With ev'ry truth and good
He doth my spirit fill;
I eat the soul-supporting food,
And drink the limpid rill.

4 These living waters flow,
Where-e'er my Shepherd leads;
The fruitful pastures richly grow,
And there my soul he feeds.

5 I'll bless his holy name,
And tell how kind and good;
My Shepherd's tender care proclaim,
And praise my loving God.

H Y M N CCLXIX.

On Psalm xxiii. 3 and 4.

1 **M**Y happy soul restor'd
From sin's destructive ways;
Jesus my God shall be ador'd,
And I'll declare his praise.

2 He leads me on my way,
In paths of righteousness;
Sweetly constrains me to obey,
And be for ever bless'd.

3 What tho' I take my road
Where death and hell appear,
Still leaning on my Saviour God,
No danger can I fear.

4 In safety will he keep,
With good and truth defend;

And

And lead his faithful humble sheep,
In safety to the end.

- 5 Then give Jehovah praise,
Nor doubt his faithful word;
Our Shepherd guides us all our days,
And he's our God and Lord.

H Y M N CCLXX.

On Psalm xxiii. 5 and 6.

- 1 **W**HILE in this wilderness
Our God a table spreads,
Jesus, our Shepherd, deigns to bless,
And richly are we fed.
- 2 Our enemies behold
What Jesus doth prepare;
With envy they would rob the fold,
But lo! the Lord is there.
- 3 The oil of love divine
Internally is giv'n;
How great the bliss! come let us join,
To praise the God of heav'n.
- 4 Goodness and mercy flow,
Thro' all our happy days;
And as to better worlds we go,
Our souls shall sing his praise.

H Y M N CCLXXI.

On Psalm xxiv. 7 to 10.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, thou church divine,
In all your heav'nly beauty shine;
X 2 Your

Your brightest robes of glory wear,
And for your God and King prepare.

3 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
Ye everlasting doors give way,
The King of Zion comes to-day.

3 "Who is the King of glory? tell!"
The mighty Lord, who conquer'd hell;
Strong is his arm, divine his might,
'Tis he who put your foes to flight.

4 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
"Who is the King of glory say,
"That comes in grandeur on the way?"

5 The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
Who rules his foes with iron rod,
'Tis he who your salvation brings,
Jesus the Lord, the King of kings.

H Y M N CCLXXII.

The same.

1 COME in, thou blessed, honor'd Lord,
By earth, by heav'n, by all ador'd;
We hail thee welcome, take thy throne,
And in thy Zion reign alone.

2 Our only Lord and God thou art,
Reign thou the sov'reign of the heart;
Thou King of glory ever bless'd,
By angels and by men confess'd.

3 Enter thy church, thou Lord divine,
And be the kingdom ever thine!

We

We shout thee welcome to thy seat,
And lay our honors at thy feet.

- 4 O happy church, thy bliss how great !
Thy King, in all his heav'nly state,
With thee for ever will reside,
Thy husband he, and thou the bride.

- 5 Jesus, our grateful hearts rejoice,
Since thou hast made our souls thy
choice ;
While here, our songs to thee shall rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

H Y M N CCLXXIII.

On Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord, ye nations,
praise,
Ye people speak his fame ;
All ye in truth and goodness found,
Exalt Jehovah's name.

- 2 His kindness is for ever free,
His mercies ever great ;
To all of ev'ry name and land,
Tho' mean and low their state.

- 3 His truth for ever shall endure,
Adore him for his word ;
His laws and promises are sure,
Praise ye the loving Lord.

- 4 My soul exults in Jesu's name,
I love to hear his voice ;
He is my Saviour and my God,
In him I will rejoice.

H Y M N CCLXXIV.

On Psalm cxvi. 1 to 5.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, he heard my voice,
And own'd my humble prayer;
He made my broken heart rejoice,
He makes my soul his care.
- 2 Long as I live, I'll bless his name,
And triumph in his word;
By him alone salvation came,
And praised be the Lord.
- 3 The pains of hell, and fears of death,
Encompass'd me around;
I cry'd to him with ardent breath,
And full deliv'rance found.
- 4 How gracious is our Saviour God,
How righteous all his ways!
His hand directs the chast'ning rod,
And we are bound to praise.

H Y M N CCLXXV.

On Psalm cxvi. 6 and 7.

- 1 THE simple and the humble mind,
The poor, distress'd, and low,
Shall certain aid from Jesus find,
He will relief bestow.
- 2 If sharp temptations should assail,
The conflict prove severe,
The hosts of hell shall not prevail,
For Jesus will be near.
- 3 In states like these we'll trust the Lord,
And on his pow'r depend;

Faithful

Faithful and sure is Jesu's word,
He'll save us to the end.

4 The conflict o'er, our spirits rest,
Comfort and peace are giv'n ;
In Jesu's love divinely bless'd,
We taste the joys of heav'n.

5 Praise ye the Lord with joyful mind,
How good are all his ways !
A God so gracious, loving, kind,
Demands our highest praise.

H Y M N CCLXXVI.

On Psalm cxvi. 7 to 10.

1 **M**Y soul from death, my eyes from
tears,
By Jesu's love set free ;
Rais'd from my sorrows, doubts, and
fears,
From sin and misery.

2 Now to my God I'll raise a song,
My standing is secure ;
Great is his love, his arm is strong,
And his salvation sure.

3 I'll daily speak of Jesu's love,
My soul shall give him praise ;
And my obedient feet shall move
In his most righteous ways.

4 I did believe his holy word,
When tempted, poor, and low ;
And now I'll magnify the Lord,
Who did salvation shew.

- 5 To thee, thou ever kind and good,
My humble songs are giv'n;
Thou art my portion and my God,
Thou art my life, my heav'n.

H Y M N CCLXXVII.

On Psalm cxv. 1, 3, 9.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, O Lord, be giv'n,
Or glory, honor, praise;
But unto thee, the God of heav'n,
We'll songs of glory raise.
- 2 Thy mercy, love, and sacred truth,
Have been our constant guide;
And from the earliest age of youth,
We have been well supplied.
- 3 Why should the foolish heathen say,
Where is the Lord our God?
When all the heav'ns above display
Thy wond'rous pow'r abroad,
- 4 Thou art the God of truth and might,
Thy foes will sink in shame;
But righteous souls are thy delight,
For holy is thy name.
- 5 We trust in thee, almighty Lord,
Our help and shield above;
And be thy holy name ador'd,
In songs of joy and love.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

On Psalm xx. 1 and 2.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, divinely blest'd,
Our Jesus will sustain;

The

The Lord's own church, his joy and
rest,

And here the Lord will reign.

- 2 If floods of falses rapid pour,
New Salem to destroy ;
Or dragon spirits would devour,
With an infernal joy :
- 3 Jerusalem the Lord defends
Against the pow'rs of hell ;
In ev'ry danger succour sends,
And guards his Salem well.
- 4 Thrice happy church, thy maker's love,
And founded on his word !
Conjoin'd to angel hosts above,
And married to thy Lord !
- 5 Praise, honor, pow'r, to Jesus sing,
His kingdom is begun ;
Rule thou, O Lord, our heav'nly King,
And reign from sun to sun.

H Y M N CCLXXIX.

On Psalm xx. 5 and 6.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is from God alone,
Ye saints lift up your voice ;
Come bring your off'rings to his throne,
And in your God rejoice.
- 2 High wave the banner in the air,
Invite the nations home ;
Bid erring sinners now prepare,
For Jesus Christ is come.

3 Boldly

- 3 Boldly we'll own our sov'reign Lord,
His second advent own ;
Declare the wonders of his word,
And make his glories known.
- 4 Jesus is come, behold him reign !
Unmov'd by fear or shame,
Announce we Jesus come again,
And glory in his name.
- 5 Jerusalem, lift up thy voice,
In songs of honor sing ;
In thy own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

H Y M N CCLXXX.

On Psalm xx. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **S**OME trust in chariots and the horse,
Of skill and wisdom boast ;
But we'll esteem all self as dross,
And trust the Lord alone.
- 2 Doctrines of men, however wise,
Or fam'd, or great they be ;
These doctrines all will we despise,
And look to none but thee.
- 3 Falses and human systems all,
Not founded on the word,
Are soon brought down, they sink and fall
Before the holy Lord.
- 4 But heav'nly doctrines, truth divine,
Shall stand for ever sure ;
In earth and heav'n supremely shine,
While earth and heav'n endure.
- 5 Jesus,

- 5 Jesus, we trust in none but thee,
In thy own truth confide;
Thou wilt our God, our teacher be,
We want no other guide.

H Y M N CCLXXXI.

On Psalm lxxii. 2, 3, 6, 7, 10, 15.

- 1 **T**HE kingdom, Lord, belongs to thee,
In thy Divine Humanity;
Now wilt thou judge in righteousness,
And all the poor in mercy bless.
- 2 How happy all thy servants are,
Whom thy church a dwelling share;
Mountains and hills with blessings flow,
And love and peace abound below.
- 3 The kings of Sheba now shall bring
Celestial offerings to their King;
Worship the Lord from love sincere,
And joyful in his courts appear.
- 4 Now Sheba's gold [celestial love]
The welcome sacrifice shall prove;
And Seba's silver [truth divine]
With heav'nly love in worship join.
- 5 Jesus the sacrifice will own,
Smile on his servants from his throne;
And while we serve him thus below,
Our peace shall like a river flow.

H Y M N CCLXXXII.

On Psalm xxxi. 23, 24.

- 1 **O** Love the Lord, ye saints of his,
How good are all his ways;

Come

Come tell how great his mercy is,
And give Jehovah praise.

2 The faithful soul he makes his care,
From foes he will defend;
But all the proud and vile shall bear
Keen sorrow in the end.

3 Courage and joy to saints belong,
They trust in Jesu's word;
When weak and low, he makes them
strong;
Praise ye the mighty Lord.

4 Hope is an anchor to the mind,
When storms and tempests rage;
The faithful God is strong as kind,
He will for us engage.

5 O love the Lord, ye saints of his,
How good are all his ways;
We'll tell how great his mercy is,
And give Jehovah praise.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

On Psalm lxxxix. 1, 2, 6, 7.

1 **J**ESU's mercy let us sing,
He is our eternal King;
With our tongues will we make known,
Mercy is from him alone.

2 Truth and faithfulness are giv'n
From the Lord, the God of heav'n;
Mercy ever shall endure,
Jesu's truth and love are sure.

3 Now

- 3 Now the Human is Divine,
See what nameless glories shine
From the body of our Lord,
Be his holy name ador'd.
- 4 Who with Jesus can compare ?
Not the highest angel dare ;
Who is like the Lord most high ?
None on earth, or in the sky.
- 5 God is greatly to be fear'd,
Be his holy name rever'd ;
Earth and heav'n your voices raise,
Men and angels sing his praise.

H Y M N CCLXXXIV.

Psalm lxxxix. 15 to 18.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the souls that know
Jesu's voice while here below ;
Joyful is the blessed sound,
All his words with love abound.
- 2 In his name will we rejoice,
All the day lift up our voice ;
Glory in the Lord alone,
For no other God we own.
- 3 Jesus will our souls defend,
Tho' the hells our death intend ;
Timely will the succour bring,
For he is our God and King.
- 4 Blessed Jesus, God of love,
We thy tender mercy prove ;
And to thee be praises giv'n,
In thy church, like those in heav'n.

Y

HYMN

H Y M N CCLXXXV.

On Psalm cxxxvii. 1 to 6.

- 1 **Y**E gentile lands, no longer mourn,
Your God will come again;
To you in mercy he'll return,
With you the Lord will reign.
- 2 Tho' captive long in gloomy night,
Without a cheering ray,
Jesus will beam celestial light,
And turn your night to day.
- 3 Now is the time, the Lord is come,
The heathen to restore,
To bring the gentile captives home,
That they may sigh no more.
- 4 Gentiles, your idol gods forsake,
Approaching mercies prize;
Look up, the clouds begin to break,
The sun illumines the skies.
- 5 Hail, sov'reign Lord! thy pow'r display
To ev'ry distant land,
That tribes remote may thee obey,
And in thy kingdom stand.
- 6 We long to see thy church increase,
Thy own new kingdom grow;
That all the earth may live in peace,
And heav'n be seen below.

H Y M N CCLXXXVI.

On Psalm xliv. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **G**REAT God, thy mighty works of old,
Perform'd in ancient days,
To

To us in thy own word are told,
That we may learn thy ways.

- 2 Thy Israel from their bonds set free,
And thro' the desert led;
From ev'ry danger sav'd by thee,
With manna richly fed.
- 3 To Canaan's borders safely brought,
Legions against them rose;
Thou for thy chosen Israel fought,
And vanquish'd all their foes.
- 4 Not by their own or arm, or sword,
Did they the land obtain;
But by thy own almighty word,
Their enemies were slain.
- 5 Thou hadst a favor for their race,
And they to Canaan came;
Ages unborn shall read thy grace,
And learn to praise thy name.

H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

On Psalm xlv. 4 to 8.

- 1 **T**HOU art the mighty King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high;
Israel is safe beneath thy wings,
Thy servants shall not die.
- 2 Thro' thee we shall the vict'ry gain,
Tho' hosts of hell oppose;
Thou art our God, and thou wilt reign,
In spite of all thy foes.
- 3 We trust not in our bow or sword,
For weakness is our pow'r;

Y 2

In

In thee we trust, almighty Lord,
Thro' ev'ry dang'rous hour.

4 Thou hast already set us free,
And put our foes to shame;
Beneath thy banner still we'll be,
Our refuge is thy name.

5 In thee we boast, thou God of love,
Thy holy name adore;
And as we rise to heav'n above,
We'll love and praise thee more.

H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

On Psalm xxv. 1, 2, 3.

1 'TIS good to raise the mind
To thee, most holy Lord;
For thou to all art ever kind,
And be thy name ador'd.

2 In thee is all our boast,
Our trust in thee alone;
Thou wilt not let our hope be lost,
But help us from thy throne.

3 Our raging angry foes
Would triumph in our blood;
But thou wilt all their rage oppose,
For now thou art our God.

4 Those that transgress thy laws,
Despise thy holy name,
And madly sin without a cause,
Shall all be cloth'd with shame.

5 But those that wait on thee,
And love thy blessed ways,

With

With rapture shall thy kingdom see,
And ever sing thy praise.

H Y M N CCLXXXIX.

On Psalm ix. 9 to 14.

- 1 **W**HEN heavy sorrows may distress,
And angry foes the mind oppress,
Our God will then our refuge be,
And set the captive spirit free.
- 2 Jesus, we know thy sacred name,
Thou wilt not put our souls to shame;
Thou never wilt the man forsake,
Who doth thy name his refuge make.
- 3 Thou never wilt from those remove,
Who walk in heav'nly truth and love;
The upright man shall ever find
That Jesus is forever kind.
- 4 With pleasure, Lord, to thee we bring
Our humble songs, and own thee King;
In Zion is thy holy throne,
And there the Lord our God is known.
- 5 Sing praises to the mighty Lord,
The honor of his name record;
He is our God, we know his name,
And will with joy his love proclaim.

H Y M N CCXC.

Divine Philanthropy, or universal Love.

- 1 **T**O celebrate Jehovah's love,
Let earth and heav'n in rapture
rise;
Y 3 Your

Your tongues in praise, ye christians
 move,
 Ye angels sing above the skies :
 Be Jesu's dear-lov'd name with pleasure
 sung,
 By earth and heav'n, by all of ev'ry
 tongue.

2 Thro' all the former tracts of time,
 Ere Sodom blaz'd, or swell'd the
 flood,
 Have ev'ry land, and ev'ry clime,
 Enjoy'd the love of Israel's God.
 Ye tribes of ev'ry age, exalt his name,
 Rehearse Jehovah's praise, his love pro-
 claim.

3 Eternal ages yet unknown,
 His boundless goodness shall re-
 cord;
 And universal love alone
 Refulgent beam from Christ the
 Lord.
 Jesus is God, and be his mercy sung,
 By all that know his name, of ev'ry
 tongue.

4 While we the wond'rous theme repeat,
 The golden harps are strung in
 heav'n;
 Angelic choirs in rapture meet,
 And praise divine to God is giv'n.
 Christians arise, with glowing ardor sing,
 And join the angels notes to praise your
 King.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXCI.

On the same.

- 1 **E**TERNAL anthems to the praise
Of Jesus sounds thro' heav'nly
plains;
Our humble songs, great God, we raise,
Thy love on earth triumphant
reigns.
Come spread the sweet mellifluous accents
round,
Till heav'n and earth re-echo with the
sound.
- 2 The lost and wretched sons of woe
Are now redeem'd by love divine;
And ev'ry human mind below
May with the ransom'd angels join.
Ye sinners sing, your God of love came
down,
To raise your souls from dunghills to a
crown.
- 3 Redeem'd by mercy, come and bring
Your grateful tribute to your God;
Exalt the goodness of your King,
And spread his nameless love
abroad.
Love shall attune our hearts and tongues
to raise
An everlasting song to Jesu's praise.
- 4 May gentle zephyrs bear around
The pleasing song from land to land;
Till all the earth shall hear the sound,
And ev'ry soul in rapture stand.
Jesus,

Jesus, our God alone, is truth and love,
Earth shout his praise, ye angels sing
above.

H Y M N CCXCII.

On the same.

- 1 **A**LL nature smiles, for love divine
Breaks thro' the sable clouds
of night ;
Still brighter rays of mercy shine,
More ardent are the beams of light.
The second advent now we're called to
sing,
Of our Jehovah, universal King.
- 2 He comes again to bless our race,
Reveal the glories of his word,
To teach the wonders of his grace,
And reign the only God and Lord.
Sinners prepare your hearts, give Jesus
room,
Your God is love, to bless you is he
come.
- 3 " Good-will to men," the angels sing,
New heav'ns and earth the Lord
will raise ;
Good-will to men, we hail our King,
The world shall echo with his
praise.
O may the fame of Jesu's love be spread
Far as the solar beams of light are shed.
- 4 Come ye, who Jesu's mercy prove,
In his new kingdom joyful stand ;
Lead

Lead you the song to heav'nly love,
 And tell his goodness in the land.
 Ye happy souls, you know Jehovah's
 name,
 He is your sun of love, exalt his fame.

- 5 Jesus, our God of love divine,
 We bow before thy sacred throne;
 And with one heart in rapture join,
 To make thy truth and mercy
 known.

Thou wilt accept our poor attempt to raise
 This weak memorial to thy name and
 praise.

H Y M N CCXCIII.

*Submission and Praise to the Lord in all
 States.*

- 1 **A**T thy command my willing heart
 With ev'ry good shall freely part;
 Nothing I have, blest Lord, is mine,
 And all to thee I will resign.
- 2 If sad misfortune should befall,
 And I appear as stripp'd of all,
 Still to thy care my soul I give,
 Unworthy am I, Lord, to live.
- 3 Patience, submission, calm content,
 Become my soul when trouble's sent;
 Thy chastisements of ev'ry kind
 Are sent to purify my mind.
- 4 Had I all blessings at my will,
 And knew no trouble, loss, or ill,
 Puff'd

Puff'd up with pride my heart would be,
Nor should I serve and worship thee.

5 No state, my God, can e'er take place,
In which I may not see thy grace ;
All things thou dost for good design,
And in all states shall praise be thine.

6 An humble heart, a thankful mind,
Is mine to feel, for thou art kind :
Whatever comes thro' all my days,
I'll see thy hand, and give thee praise.

H Y M N CCXCIV.

On the same.

1 **W**HY should we complain what-
ever our state,
If little and poor, while others are great ?
There's nothing can happen which Jesus
don't know,
For he alone orders our states while be-
low.

2 If trouble should come, and sorrow take
place,
We'll view them aright as tokens of
grace ;
At best we are sinners, and crosses are
giv'n
To teach us our evils, and point us to
heav'n.

3 What ! shall we repine when troubles
are nigh ?
Sink down in despair, or labour to fly
From

From chastisements sent us in mercy for
good,
And think 'tis unkindness in Jesus our
God ?

4 No, Lord of our souls, we'll fret not,
nor flee,
But gladly resign our spirit to thee ;
We'll own with submission how kind
are thy ways,
And tears of contrition shall mingle
with praise.*

5 Enough that we know our souls are thy
care,
Each conflict and cross we'll thankfully
bear ;
Thy dealings are mercy, and right are
thy ways,
And while we have being we'll sing to
thy praise.

H Y M N CCXCV.

Psalm cl.

1 **Y**E children of the living God,
To serve his name prepare ;
Come ye with songs to his abode,*
And bow with rev'rence there.

2 The firmament to him belongs,
The inmost of the mind ;
Exalt the Lord in all your songs,
For he is good and kind.

3 Praise

* To his church.

3 Praise him for all his pow'r and might,
How excellent his ways ;
His ev'ry work is just and right,
We give Jehovah praise.

4 With trumpet, psalt'ry, timbrel, praise,
With cymbal's lofty sound ;
All your affections joyful raise,
In truth and goodness found.

5 By all within us that has life
Be Jesu's praise express'd,
And this alone our daily strife,
To love and praise him best.

H Y M N CCXCVI.

*Praise to the Lord for the Word in it's
internal Sense.*

1 **H**OW shall we celebrate thy love,
Thou ever-blessed Lord,
For all thy blessings from above,
For all thy holy word.

2 Goodness and truth are now display'd
In a superior light ;
And thy own word is open laid
To our astonish'd sight.

3 [While others in their darkness keep,
Preferring night to day ;
In error and tradition sleep,
And wander more astray :]

4 'Tis our's to walk in light divine,
And thro' our happy road ;
The beams of truth around us shine,
And lead to thine abode.

- 5 O blessed day of light and heat,
Of sacred truth and love ;
Now we can walk with cheerful feet,
To yonder realms above.
- 6 And as we travel on the road,
We'll thankful anthems raise ;
To thee, our Saviour and our God,
We'll render ceaseless praise.

H Y M N CCXCVII.

*The Christian's Progress, Safety in it, Pros-
pect of it's End, and the Lord our God
praised for the Mercies and Blessings of it.*

Part 1st.

- 1 COME, brethren, let us joyful sing
The praises of our God ;
We're rais'd to life, and on the wing
To heav'n's serene abode.
- 2 If faith with love be firmly join'd,
We surely shall obey ;
And bound for glory, never mind
The conflicts of the way.
- 3 The lamp of truth by night appears,
With light of radiant kind ;
By day the sun divinely cheers,
And animates the mind.
- 4 'Tis true we pass a desert land,
With dangers in the road ;
But we are led by Jesu's hand,
And he's the mighty God.

Z

5 Jerusalem,

- 5 Jerusalem, lift up thy voice,
In songs of glory sing;
In thy own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

H Y M N CCXCVIII.

The same. Part 2d.

- 6 **W**E'RE helpless, feeble, mean, and
poor,
Mere weakness when we're try'd;
The Lord is our's, we want no more,
He is our strength and guide.
- 7 Dragons and serpents will assail,
They'll try both art and pow'r;
But Jesus will for us prevail
In ev'ry trying hour.
- 8 Sometimes may darkness too pervade,
And gloomy be the night;
Jesus will guide us thro' the shade,
And bring us forth to light.
- 9 Whate'er befall us on the road,
We need not yield to fear;
The Lord Jehovah is our God,
And always will be near.
- 10 Jerusalem, lift up thy voice,
In songs of glory sing;
In thy own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXCIX.

The same. Part 3d.

- 11 **A**ND can we ask a better aid
Than Jesus in the road?
Of whom shall we be once afraid,
Protected by our God?
- 12 Jesus, thou art our skilful guide,
In all our way to heav'n;
By thee are all our wants supplied,
And every mercy giv'n.
- 13 Encourag'd by thy wond'rous grace,
We run with holy zeal,
With ardent feet pursue our race,
Delighting in thy will.
- 14 The living waters constant flow,
Our thirst to satisfy:
Thou givest, all the way we go,
Of bread a rich supply.
- 15 O happy church, lift up your voice,
In songs of honor sing;
In your own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

H Y M N CCC.

The same. Part 4th.

- 16 **W**E long to tread celestial ground,
With ardor would we rise;
But are we forms of goodness found,
And fitted for the skies?
- 17 This heav'nly state none e'er can see,
Or share that holy rest,

Till they from false and evil free,
With love and truth are bless'd.

18 Enough, dear Lord, it is thy will
That we should dwell above ;
We'll wait a while, be patient still,
Till perfected in love.

19 Now in the way we'll run our race,
With holy zeal and care ;
Nor doubt but we shall see thy face,
When we the fight can bear.

20 Jerusalem, lift up thy voice,
In songs of glory sing ;
In thy own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

H Y M N CCCI.

The same. Part 5th.

21 **S**OON will appear a brighter sky,
As homeward we go on ;
All fears and foes before us fly,
And troubles all be gone.

22 The prospect opens grand and new,
See Salem's walls arise :
Soon shall we brighter glories view
In yonder happy skies.

23 And shall we meet in heav'n above,
Before Jehovah's face ?
For ever bask in beams of love,
With all the angel race ?

24 It shall be so, if we pursue
With faithfulness our way ;

For nothing more have we to do,
But love, believe, obey.

- 25 O happy church, lift up your voice,
In songs of honor sing;
In your own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

H Y M N C C C H.

The same. Part 6th.

- 26 **T**HE angels beckon us to come,
See how they waiting stand,
To lead our joyful spirits home,
To yon celestial land.
- 27 Inspir'd by love and faith divine,
We long to wing our way;
With yonder hosts of angels join,
In all the blaze of day.
- 28 O love divine, that makes us meet
For such a blest'd abode!
We bow before thy sacred feet,
And praise thy name, O God.
- 29 And O what scenes of strange delight
Shall meet our wond'ring eyes,
When we shall take our willing flight,
And to that kingdom rise!
- 30 O happy church, lift up your voice,
In songs of glory sing;
In your own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

H Y M N CCCHII.

The same. Part 7th.

- 31 **J**ESUS, our God of truth and love,
 Who leads us by his hand,
 Provides us palaces above,
 In his most happy land.
- 32 There love divine, that holy flame,
 Will all our powers raise,
 To celebrate Jehovah's name
 In higher songs of praise.
- 33 There science will to wisdom rise,
 That wisdom be refin'd;
 All heav'n conspire to make us wise,
 And elevate the mind.
- 34 There love and wisdom fill the soul,
 From Jesus evergiv'n;
 Rivers of peace and pleasure roll,
 And all the man is heav'n.
- 35 Ye happy souls, lift up the voice,
 In songs of glory sing;
 In your own Saviour God rejoice,
 For he alone is King.

H Y M N CCCIV.

The same. Part 8th.

- 36 **A**ND may we call those glories
 our's,
 Which beam in yonder skies?
 Shall we unite with angel pow'rs,
 In those eternal joys?

37 Yes,

37 Yes, Lord, they're our's by gift from thee,

But what can we repay?
We can but humble debtors be
To an eternal day.

38 We'll love and praise with all the heart,

In adoration fall;
Could we ten thousand worlds impart,
Great God, we'd give them all.

39 But what is more than worlds to thee,
A thankful mind we'll give;
To shew how grateful we can be,
To thee alone we'll live.

40 Jerufalem, lift up thy voice,
In songs of glory sing;
In your own Saviour God rejoice,
For he alone is King.

DOXOLOGIES.

—1.—

PRAISE God, the great, the ever-
blefs'd,
And be his name by all confess'd;
He's Father, Spirit, and the Son,
In essence and in person one.

—2.—

PRAISE, honor, pow'r, to God the
Lord,
As Father, Spirit, Son, ador'd;
As God and Man to sinners known,
Jehovah Jesus, God alone. **THE**

—3.—

THE Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God our souls adore;
Jesus his name, in him we boast,
And praise him evermore.

—4.—

NOW be the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit too ador'd;
In person and in essence one,
Jehovah, Jesus, Lord.

—5.—

TO Jesus, God of heav'n,
The Father, Spirit, Son,
Be glory, pow'r, and honor giv'n,
For he is God alone.

—6.—

ALL praise to God, th' eternal One,
Be giv'n by all below;
Jesus, the Father, Spirit, Son,
No other God we know.

—7.—

JEHOVAH, Jesus, Lord of all,
We Father, Son, and Spirit call;
One God, One Person on the throne,
We give all praise to him alone.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.



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